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How it all began

THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA

by A. J. P. Taylor

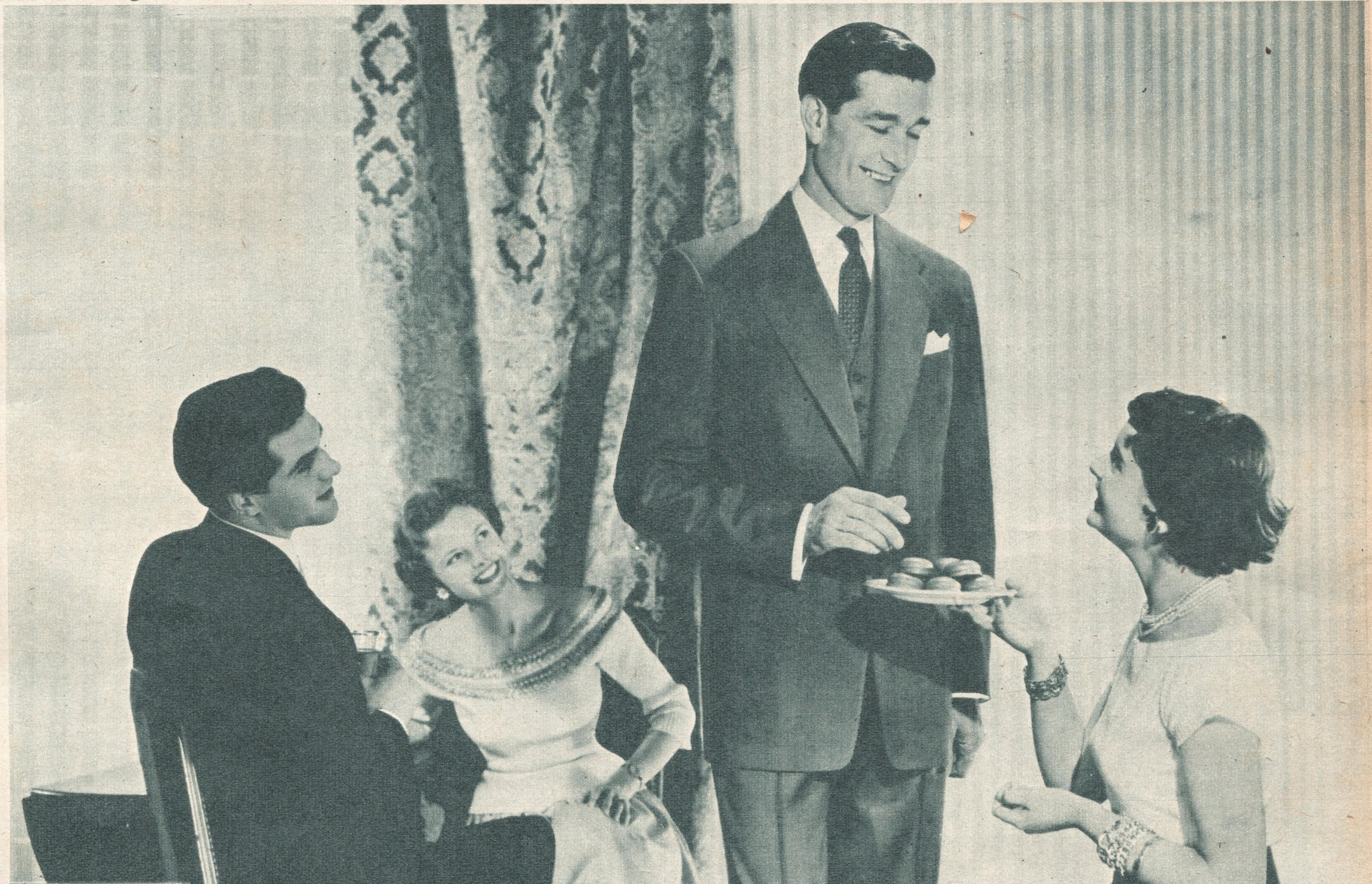
BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP

by Nevil Shute

THIS IS MY LIFE

by Eamonn Andrews

NEW *'Squire'* SUIT SETS A MAN ON THE WAY TO SUCCESS!



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Ready-tailored cost from as little as £5.19.6.

HER EYES - *all* eyes - light upon the man in the new 'Squire' * suit. Handsome - yes, and how much more handsome his suit makes him - because it's tailored to express his personality. A suit that is actually more than a suit, it's a *level of quality*, made possible only by the entire resources of 'Double-W' planned tailoring, which provide the services of talented cloth designers, stylists and cutters - all backing the friendly advice of your local Weaver to Wearer Manager. Tell him your personal preferences in colour, materials, cut, and style detail too . . . length of lapel, trouser-width, type of pockets. These are the points which reflect your personality, prove your good taste . . . points which stamp your new 'Squire' suit as yours - measured, cut and shaped for you alone.

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'SQUIRE' CLOTHES *are tailored only by Weaver to Wearer and cannot be obtained elsewhere. Their unique quality has been achieved by the 'Double-W' Plan, a tailoring method exclusive to Weaver to Wearer.*

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CHECK THESE ADVANTAGES OF 'DOUBLE-W' PLANNED TAILORING

- Jackets are made with Melton undercollars ensuring a perfect, snug fit.
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Remember - it's the hidden features that make a good suit . . . stay good.

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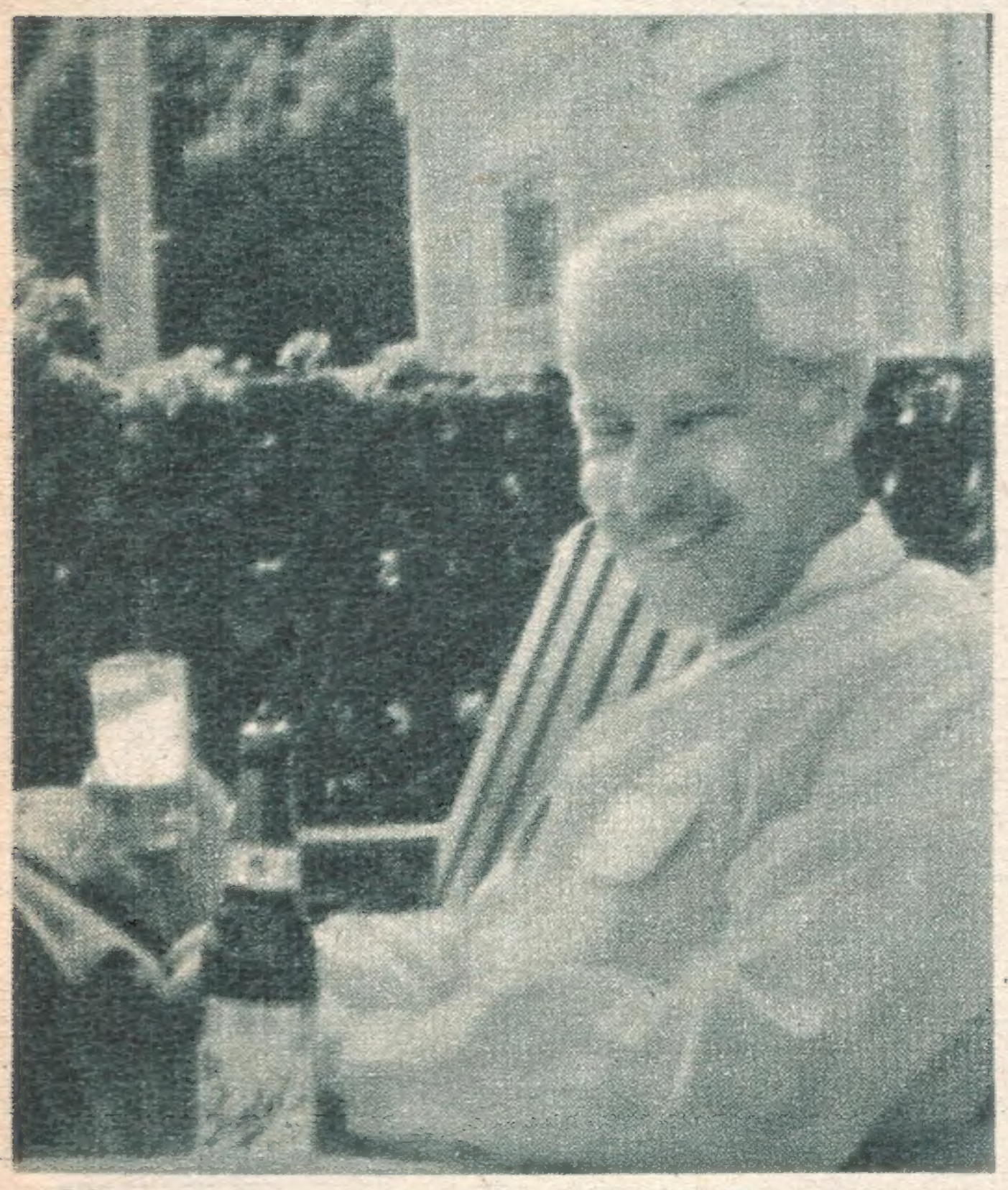

Charles B. Child in California. He enjoys roaming the world

A YOUNG reporter was sacked from the *Swindon Advertiser* thirty-three years ago for writing adventure stories in office time. He did not mind, for his freelance income was already more than his editor's salary.

Charles B. Child, in private life C. Vernon Frost, has been writing fiction ever since (his latest Inspector Chafik adventure begins on page 18). The most enjoyable part, he says, has been roaming the world to find settings for his stories. During the early war years he travelled throughout Italy, France and North Africa, and lived in such places as Kairouan and Hammamet in Tunisia. "Then the R.A.F. thoughtfully sent me to the one part of the Middle East I did not know." As adjutant of an intelligence centre in Baghdad he saw the blue domes of Isfahan, the snows of the Kurdish Hills and the hot waters of the Persian Gulf "in the luxury of a staff car."

Child married Helena Fox, an American journalist, twenty-five years ago. "We met in Capri and I chased her relentlessly to the South of France." They live in New York now, but Child hopes eventually to see the rest of the world and then settle in some remote part of Britain and realize his ambition to become the village bore.

ONE of the most brilliant historians writing today, Alan John Percivale Taylor specializes in modern Europe. Among his books are *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, *The Course Of German History*, and the recent superb *Bismarck*.

Television's *Free Speech* and *In The News* have made Taylor a popular national personality, but he strongly opposes the suggestion that his university position—he is an Oxford don—gives his views special authority. "I make no claim to better judgment on controversial questions. As an historian I am just a skilled craftsman, in the sense that a plumber is. I have no special message to deliver."

In retelling the story of the Russian Revolution for JOHN BULL (the first part begins on page 9), Taylor drew on his own memories of the setting of the drama. In 1925, when he was a nineteen-year-old Oxford undergraduate, he spent two months in Leningrad, Moscow and Nijni Novgorod, armed with introductions to trade union leaders. It was a period of relaxation in the history of Communist Russia. Ten years later foreigners were being run out of the country, and some of the men Taylor had met disappeared in Stalin's purges.

A holiday keeps you chirpy!

Do your fine feathers start to droop half-way through the winter? This year, go away for a real summer holiday. It makes such a difference! There are so many fascinating places to go to by rail. And here's a worthwhile tip: *Go in sunny May or June. That way you dodge the over-crowded holiday peak trains, you see the seaside or country at its very best, and you get the benefit of cheaper accommodation.*

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THIS YEAR—BY TRAIN

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For birthdays, and all gift-giving occasions

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TIMEX offer you beautifully designed watches with dustproof seal, *plus the V-Conic shock-resistant movement which cannot be overwound.* Every TIMEX is Fully Guaranteed. The wide TIMEX range also includes Cinderella and Hopalong Cassidy children's watches at 49/-.

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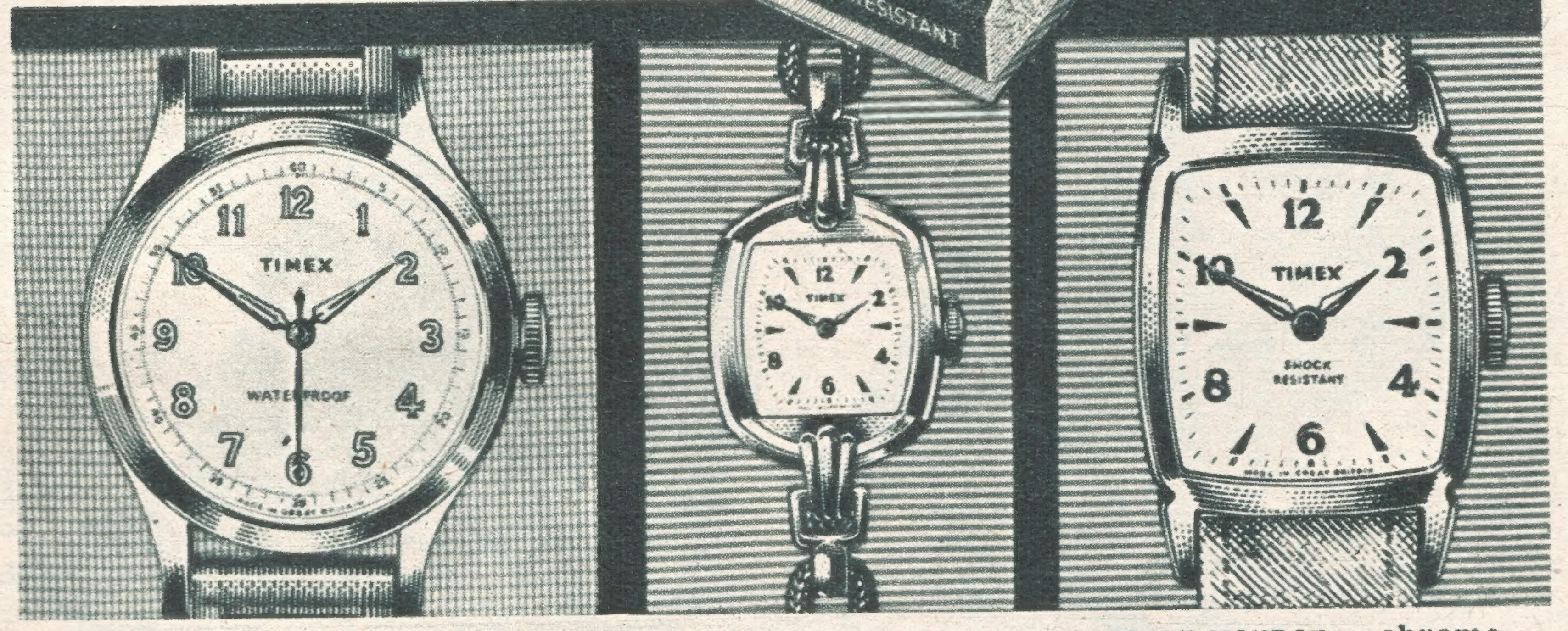

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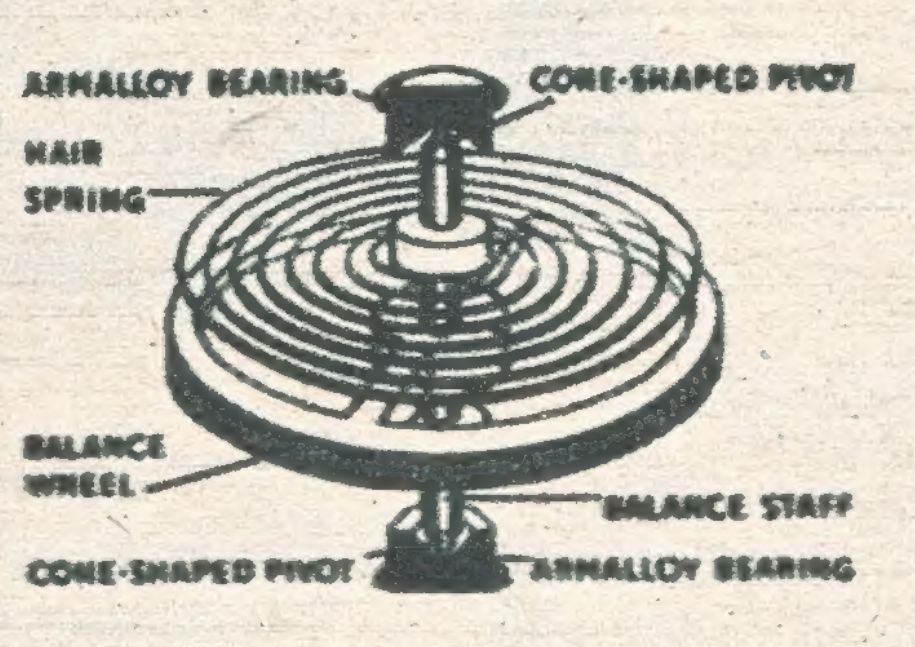

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Free Speech

- Watchful eye at the water's edge
- Do trainees provide cheap labour?
- Five shopping days to freedom

WHILE holidaying on the Belgian coast last year, I was surprised to find that I had to pay to bathe.

The tickets were handed to a lifeguard at the water's edge. He kept a close watch on the bathers and sounded a bugle when they swam out too far.

I think Britain could do with a staff of full-time lifeguards at seaside resorts in the summer. Surely bathers would not object to paying a small charge towards the service. It would play a big part in cutting the annual toll of a thousand people who are accidentally drowned. — B. G. S., Bristol.

Wearing The Trews

Scotsmen may be selfish ("Free Speech," March 24), but nothing made my Scots mother laugh more than seeing the Englishman cleaning grates, washing dishes, cleaning windows and shoes. She used to think that it was the English women who were selfish.—M. S., Herne Bay, Kent.

Sports Promoter

There are many councils of national importance, such as the Army Council, the Air Council and the Arts Council. Why not a sports council, too, with corresponding councils in the counties? It could aim at a million members as its first objective and give everyone with ability and promise a chance to play for the county or perhaps the nation.—T. E. S., Bournemouth.

"We are, in effect, a sports council," says the Central Council of Physical Recreation. "We do not use 'sport' in our title as we also cover dancing and gymnastics. We promote and encourage all sports. Thousands of young people pass through our three main training centres each year, and there are coaching centres at public open spaces throughout the country."

Fighting Shy

One often hears about the lack of young men entering industry. I can offer several reasons why intelligent young men fight shy of engineering as a career.

I gained my General Certificate of Education at a grammar school, and I am now working in a large aircraft factory. I am nineteen years old and yet my weekly wage is less than £4. As an apprentice I receive no tool allowance, no sick pay, no grant towards college textbooks and—perhaps most important of all—I enjoy no negotiating rights. I am, in fact, cheap labour. Who can blame young men for not entering industry. I wish I hadn't.—N. S., Dorset.

Monks' Secret

The story about the Holy Blood of Hayles ("Open To View," JOHN BULL, March 3) reminded me of a similar story I heard about Boxley Abbey, near my home.

Pilgrims used to descend from the Pilgrims' Way on the North Downs to see the Abbey's Rood of Grace—a crucifix with a head that bowed, a mouth that opened and eyes that rolled. In the sixteenth century, just as at Hayles, the King's Commissioners revealed it as a fraud. They said the monks had used rods and wires in the back of the figure to make it behave like a puppet. It was publicly burned.—MISS P. HASTINGS, Sandling, Kent.

Two Weeks Young

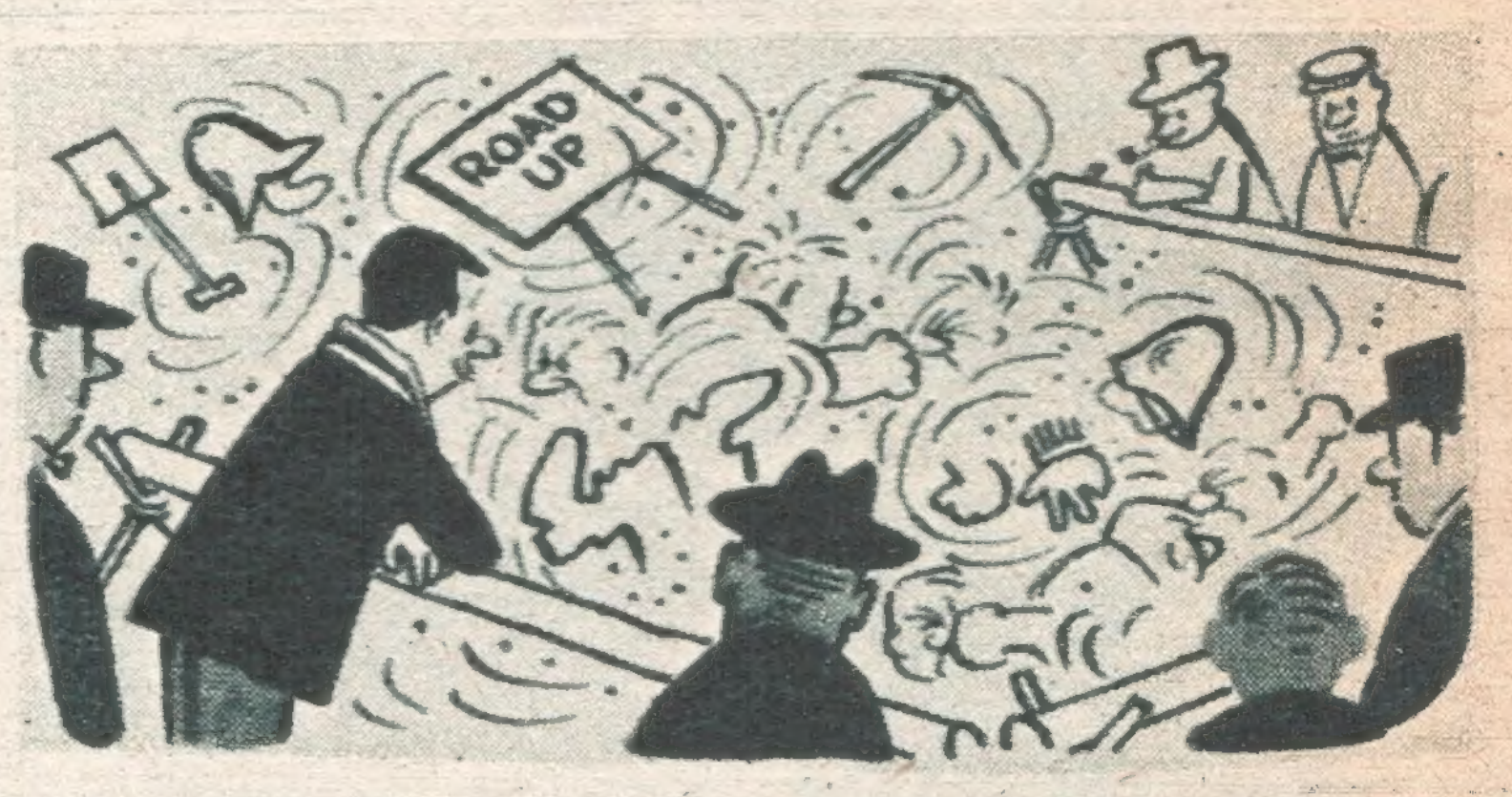
Before the war I heard it repeatedly stated that eggs were "new laid" if they were not more than three days old. Yet recently, in a radio talk, a packing station representative said that housewives needed educating into realizing that eggs a fortnight old were quite good.—M. B., Derby.

"We don't use the term 'new laid'—we refer to fresh eggs," says the Ministry of Agriculture. "Eggs are considered to be fresh if they have been properly collected and tested and are not more than two weeks old. But it is possible for them to be older than this and still be fresh."

Double Trouble

A university rag-day prank I heard about ("Free Speech," March 17) had a novel twist.

A gang of corporation workmen were digging up a road when an enterprising undergraduate told the police that they were really students dressed up. Then he told the workmen that the policemen coming along the street were students dressed up.



The result was a first-class free-for-all—and a visit to the local court for the student. — J. C., Blackburn, Lancashire.

Five-day Shops

For years a large proportion of the population has worked a five-day week, with no work at all on Saturdays. But shop employees still work on Saturdays, and I think it is about time the five-day week principle was extended to them. Saturday closing should be a general practice, as it is, for instance, in New Zealand.—D. F., London, W.14.

"Saturday off is all very well in theory, but in fact there couldn't be a worse choice of day," says a small trader. "I do about one-third of my week's business on a Saturday. Monday, our slackest day, would be preferable."

In France, shops generally close all day on Monday, but many of them keep open until the late evening on other days.

Cat Licences

I am astounded by the number of cats kept as pets. Everyone with a dog has to pay 7s. 6d. a year for a licence, except those with working dogs, such as guide dogs for the blind and sheep dogs. I think the same should apply to cat owners, the only exceptions being those with cats used in ridding warehouses and dockyards of vermin.—J. LINDSAY, Newmarket, Suffolk.

There are estimated to be five million cats and three million dogs in Britain. The Blue Cross, formerly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Farniente
Childs size 8 to teenagers 8 in cherry red or brown grain.
23/9 to 32/9. Plantation-finished crepe rubber soles

Joyance
Childs size 7 to teenagers 8 in brown or cherry red grain ; also white nubuck. Childs sizes 7 to 2½ in pageant blue or beige grain.
18/9 to 33/9. Plantation-finished crepe rubber soles

Beautiful, bountiful sandals by Clarks . . .

Diligent, vigilant you!

How very quick-witted . . . the family fitted

In sandals as good as they're new!

Le Touquet
Womens sizes 3 to 8 in pageant blue or cherry red grain ; also falcon grey, ginger spice, beige or white suede. Sizes 3 to 9 in brown grain. **Plantation-finished crepe rubber soles.** This style also in black suede in sizes 3 to 8 with Microcellular soles **29/9**

Salerno
Mens sizes 6 to 12 in country tan side **49/9**
Microcellular soles

Clarks
SANDALS

Nearest shop? Write CLARKS, Dept. A.H.5, Street, Somerset—and ask for an illustrated leaflet

There's something better to eat
in Summer County

Chance encounter in Byways Lane

Facing you—Squire. Back to you—old Jem. Behind old Jem—a salmon. Neat a salmon as ever fell into Jem's net . . . Didn't expect to meet Squire in Byways Lane: too bad if he fancies the salmon. Can't refuse him—and Jem had it in mind for a few tasty meals, along of some fresh tomatoes, with wholemeal bread and Summer County. Wise, is Jem. He knows there's butter in Summer County Margarine . . .

Did *you* know there's butter in Summer County Margarine?

There is. Full-cream butter, that gives Summer County its specially-appetising flavour—*country-fresh*. That's what makes it such a welcome guest in country kitchens. Town ones, too. And Summer County's good for you. Use it, and you're storing up sunshine vitamins even if it's snowing outside . . .

Maybe Jem'll lose his salmon—but he'll still enjoy his supper, with Summer County Margarine on the table. So will you.

Summer County
Margarine

Contains
10%
full-cream
butter

Summer County
CONTAINS
10% BUTTER
Margarine
1/1D
PER ½ LB

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Our Dumb Friends League, says: "Theoretically, we believe licensing would be a sound method of discouraging people from allowing cats to breed indiscriminately, thus adding to the stray cat population. But we think the objections are insurmountable."

Handy Kisses

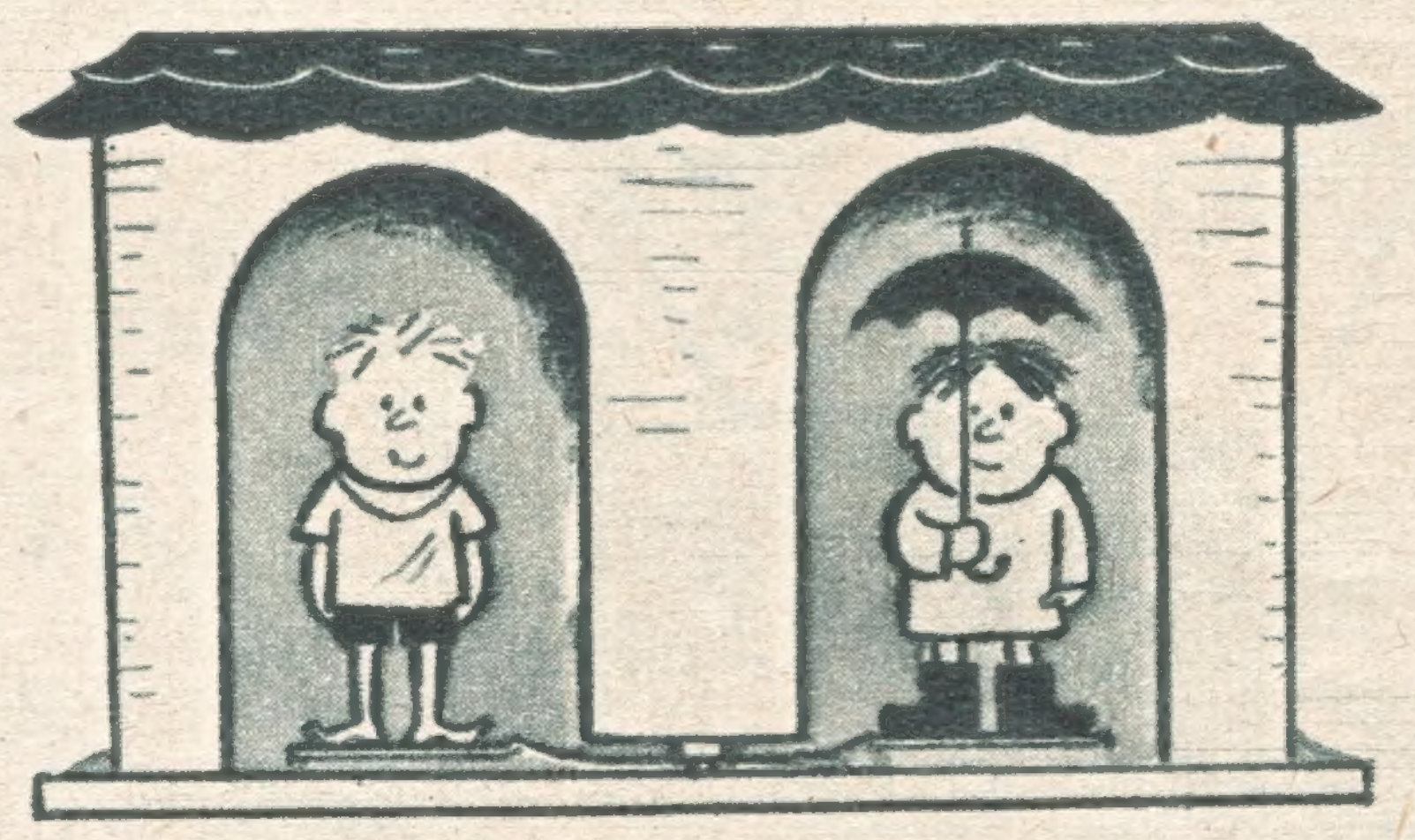
I have always been intrigued by the radio kiss—that strange noise heard at tender moments in radio dramas when the hero murmurs, "I love you . . ."; then there's a silence, broken finally by the sound of what seems to be a wet sponge being dropped on to a plate.—R. G. TRENT, Canterbury Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

"The only method we use is kissing the back of the hand," says the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Red For Rain

In an erratic climate like ours, forecasting the weather, especially local conditions, is very uncertain.

As a schoolmaster, however, I have found that high winds and stormy weather can be expected when a crowd of boys are more than usually boisterous. And I watch the red-headed boy in the class: if his hair is dull and almost colourless, then fine, dry weather is ahead; but when the auburn colour becomes deeper and flaming, a coat and umbrella are advisable.—A. J. CLARK, Whitstable, Kent.



"We aren't aware of any meteorological basis for this," says the Meteorological Office, "but some nations correlate meteorology with all sorts of things. The Germans even claim to have found a connection between south-west winds and the suicide rate."

Pressing His Claim

Twenty-three years ago, when I was twelve, I led a cheerful existence on a pocket-money allowance of one shilling a week.

Out of this, I managed to buy myself a seat at the cinema (4d.—half price), a weekly magazine (1d.), a packet of foreign stamps (3d.), a quarter of a pound of sweets (2d.) and with the odd 2d. I could travel six miles on a bus.

My twelve-year-old son, with the same pocket money, has proved to me that a cinema seat costs him 9d., his magazine is 3d. and his favourite sweets are 8d. a quarter. He doesn't collect stamps, but food for his family of hamsters runs away with 8d. a week.

I had thought he was well provided for, but my wife confesses that she has been helping out with the extra 1s. 4d. I have now raised my son's pocket money to 2s. 6d. But even now he'll have to keep an eye on the cost-of-living index.—W. J. L., Chester, Cheshire.

Change Of Use

One day recently, in a lane near my home, I saw a luggage label dangling from a bush. I took a closer look and found that it was an old one, and bore my address on it. The string had been woven into a bird's nest.—MRS. F. S. HURD, Woodland Road, Selsey, Sussex.

Wallpaper Waste

Having almost finished redecorating our dining-room, I have been obliged to buy a further roll—thirty-four feet—of wallpaper, at a cost of 14s., when all I need is a strip six feet long. Wallpaper should be sold by the yard instead of by the roll.

I shall have to decorate another small room with the same paper in order to cut my losses.—J. L. R. PRITCHARD, Stanton Road, Lower Bebington, Cheshire.

"If wallpaper was sold by the yard it would mean torn rolls, and people wouldn't buy them," says the Wallpaper Merchants' Association of Great Britain. "By the end of the year a merchant would have many split rolls left in his shop and they would all have to go to waste."

Clipped Wings

In New Zealand, my home country, even quite small towns have their own airfields, and it is possible to fly almost anywhere in the two main islands. Yet the other week I tried to fly from London to Wales and found that neither British European Airways nor any of the private charter firms run services to the West of England. The air age doesn't seem to have reached Britain yet.—A. W., Bromley, Kent.

"We have found that there is not a sufficient demand to warrant an air service to the west," say British European Airways. "We could not provide a quicker service to Bristol than the railways, as it is quite a short hop. Beyond Bristol there just isn't the traffic for one.

"New Zealand may have many airfields, but they have not got a rail service to compare with Britain's."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

IT's always easy to believe that April sunshine is an overture to the warmest summer on record—and women plan accordingly. Their fancy lightly turns to heatwave elegance and, there and then, the financial year gets off to a bad start. But when it comes to smoking and sports gear, husbands are very quickly told where their playthings rank in the household budget. It's not often that they see the golden chance to get their own back that Nash has presented to his cover hero. That department store needs a course in sales psychology.

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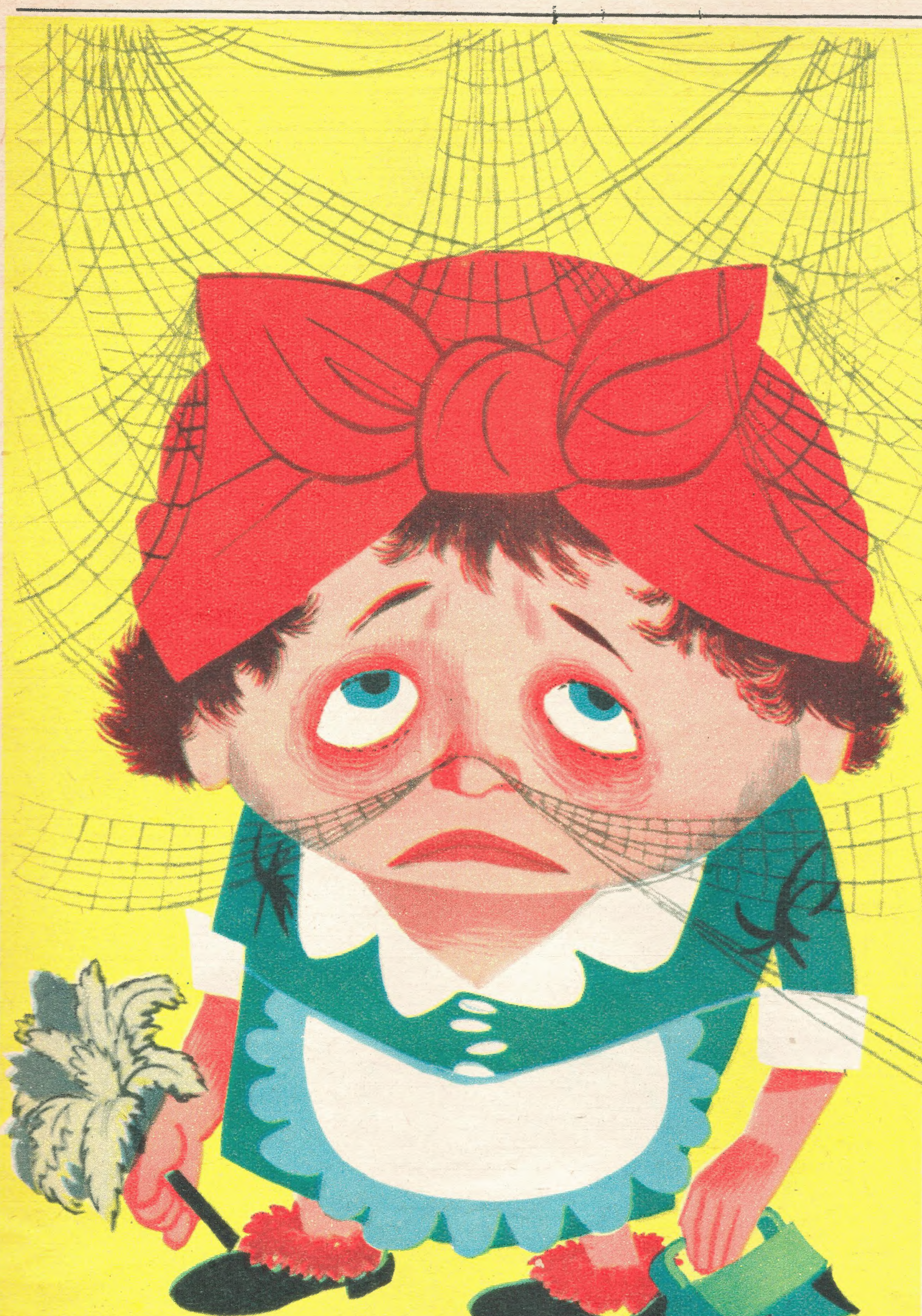
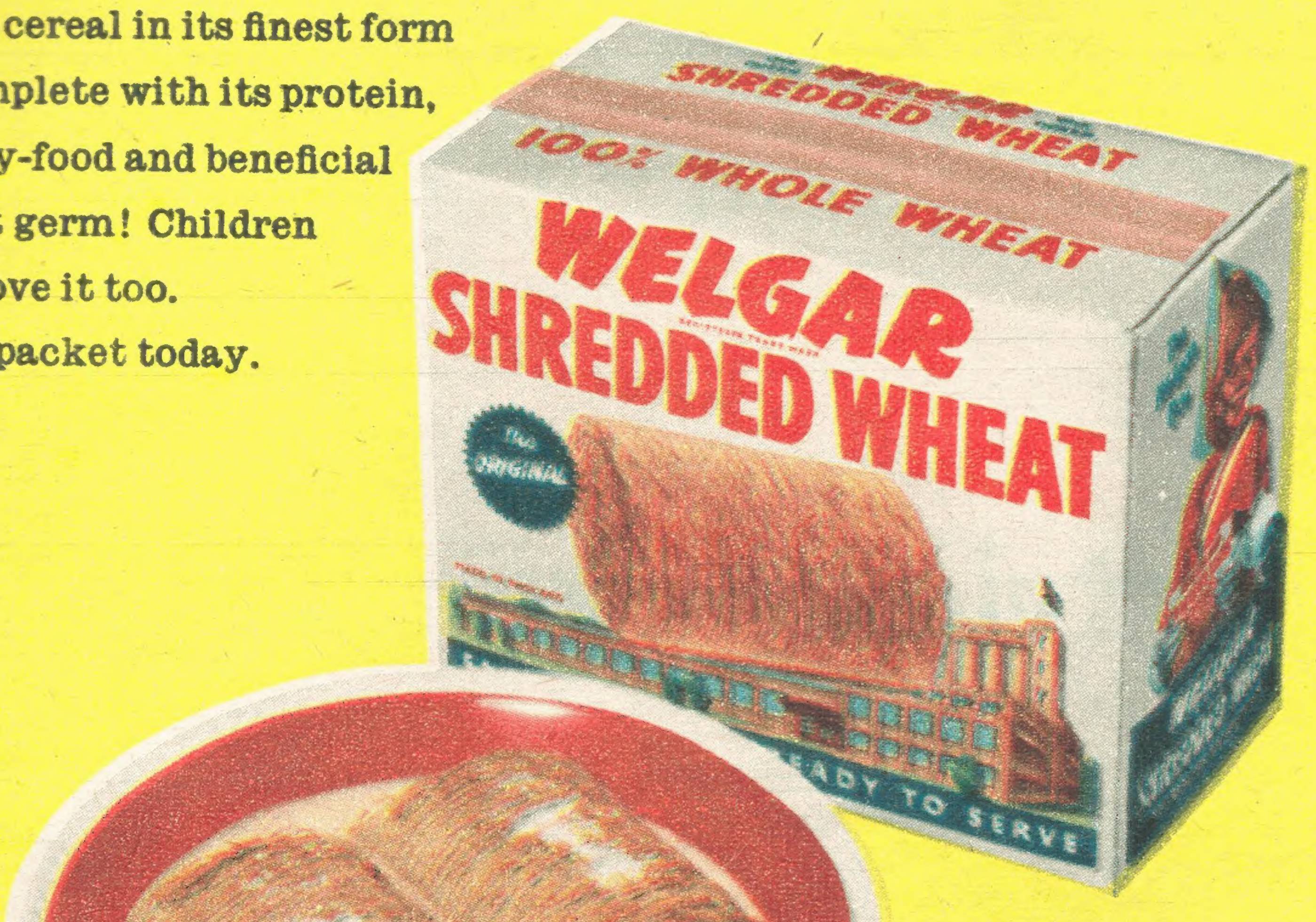


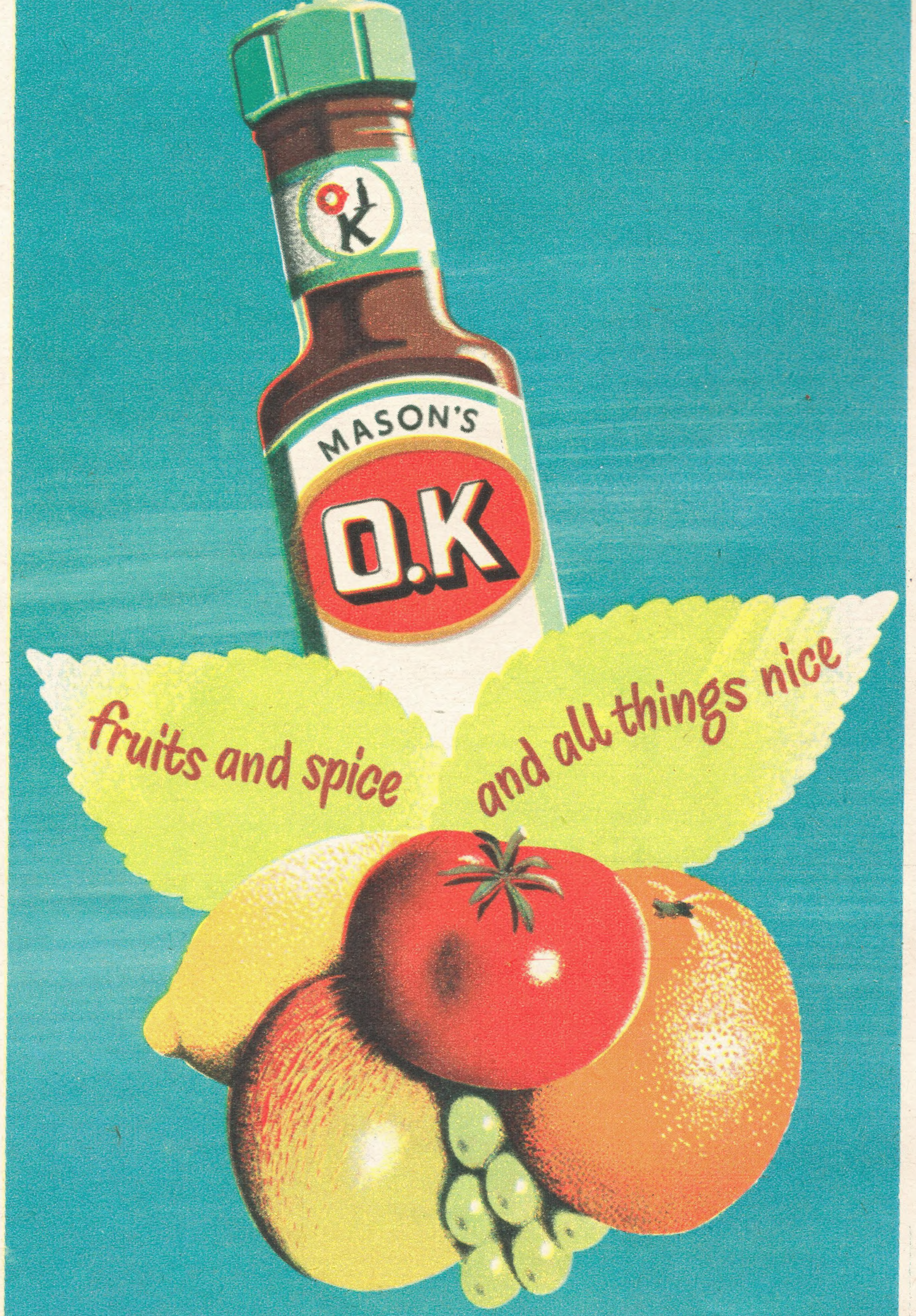
"I can't shake off the cobwebs till I've had my

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT AND *HOT* MILK"

Get going on sunny Welgar Shredded Wheat and set yourself aglow with health and high spirits. Here's the hearty wholesome nourishment that's so easy for your sleepy stomach to digest — and so invigorating. You get the whole-wheat — nature's finest cereal in its finest form — complete with its protein, energy-food and beneficial wheat germ! Children just love it too. Get a packet today.


100% WHOLE WHEAT
WELGAR
SHREDDED WHEAT
READY TO SERVE

O.K sauce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O.K
fruits and spice
and all things nice

The finest tomatoes, dates, raisins, oranges, lemons, mangoes, and selected spices concentrated into the most appetising sauce you ever tasted—**It's O.K. Children love it too.**

Look for the new green cap at your grocers. **1/-** and **1/6 a bottle.**

Britain's Best!

★ *Try* **O.K FRUIT CHUTNEY**

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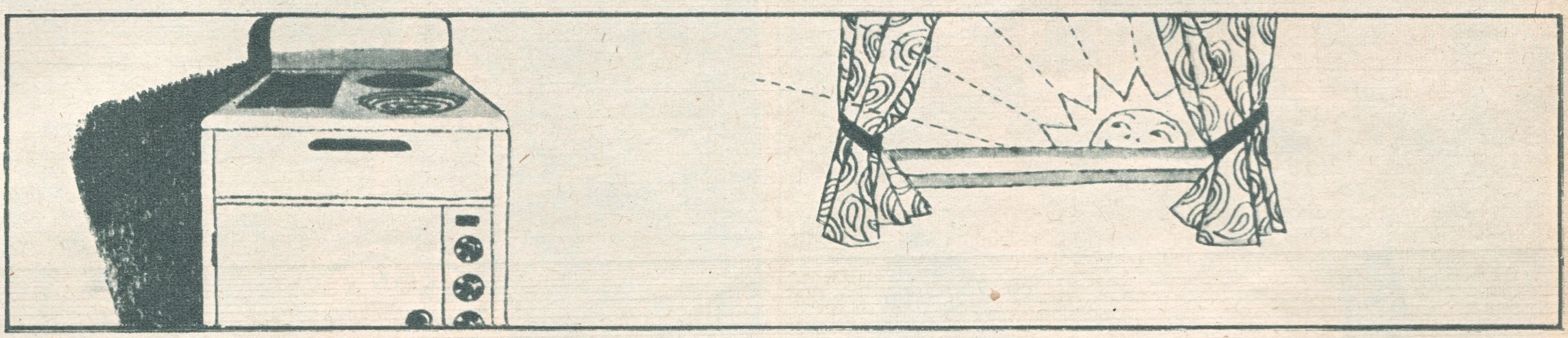
The family's out for the day



Yet the supper is cooking itself.

They've returned – and it's ready – hooray!

But who started the cooking – an elf?

No, Mrs. Brown has a

fully automatic electric cooker!

Before she and her family left the house she set the timer so that supper would start cooking at half-past six, to be ready, with the oven turned off, at eight; nicely timed for their return. And, like all suppers cooked in the even heat of an electric oven, it was *delicious!*

For advice on cooking that's clean, efficient and very economical, the place to go is your

Electricity Service Centre

Issued by the Electrical Development Association

As Soviet Russia rejects Stalin and rewrites its history books, A. J. P. Taylor, leading historian and television personality tells the complete true story of how the Communists first seized power

THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA

by
A. J. P. Taylor

Lenin was a fanatic ready to sacrifice himself and all others for "socialist revolution"

1. A city tips the Tsar from his throne

On March 3, 1917, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was preparing to go off to a day's work at the Zürich public library, as he had done on every alternate day for the last two years. For Lenin was a great believer in sex equality. One day he went to the library, and his wife did the housework. The next he washed the dishes while his wife—though no scholar—took her turn at the library.

The exiled Bolshevik leader—a Russian schoolmaster's son whose real name was Ulyanov—lived with his wife in a single room with two beds, two chairs and a dressing-table. The smell from a sausage factory across the way drove him to the library quite apart from the lack of space. But on March 3 he broke his rule. For on that morning a friend burst excitedly into the room: "Haven't you heard?" he cried. "There has been a revolution in Russia."

At once books were flung aside, dishes left unwashed. They spent the rest of the day in celebration, not with wine—they were too poor—but talking, talking, talking of what they would do when they got back to Russia. From this moment Lenin was convinced that his opportunity was knocking at the door.

Other Bolsheviks exiled in Switzerland heard the news in a similar way. But there were also Bolsheviks under police control in Siberia. One was Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvilli, a shoemaker's son, better known as Stalin.

Stalin was living in a hunter's cottage fifty miles from the nearest town. He could have lived in a village with other Bolsheviks such as Kamenev, but their endless argument irritated him. He preferred solitude, reading nothing, writing nothing, perhaps thinking. In February, 1917, he had recently been before an army medical board which rejected him for military service on account of an injury to his left arm. He returned from a day's hunting to learn that there had been a revolution. He packed up, took a sledge to the nearest town, and there joined Kamenev, who was also waiting for a train back to Petrograd, then the capital.

At the other side of the world in New York another exile, Leon Trotsky, born Lev Davidovich Bronstein, was trying to earn a living as a journalist. The news came to him in a less exciting way, as ordinary press telegrams. The first reports spoke only of "bread riots." But Trotsky had no doubts. On February 28 he was already writing: "We are witnessing the beginning of the second Russian revolution."

He left his office, spoke at countless meetings of the Russian colony. From the first moment he insisted that the revolution must go farther, must make a clean sweep: "It must end not only Tsardom but the war as well." His friends were bewildered. One of them asked: "What has happened to Trotsky? What does he want?"

They might well have asked. Indeed they might have asked what had happened to Russia. Nobody knew, even in Russia itself. The revolution of February, 1917, had

"Crush them," the Tsarina advised the Tsar. "Russians love to feel the whip"

Nicholas II with the French president Poincaré. The Tsar was a sad, futile little man. As his power crumbled, he wrote: "I think I will take up dominoes seriously"

no leaders, no purpose, no programme. No one planned or foresaw it. It announced itself in the oddest ways.

On February 23, a French journalist was on a tram. Suddenly the tram-driver stuck his head through the window, said to his passengers, "This tram isn't going any farther," and went off, pocketing the driving-key. Trams were stranded everywhere. Some of them were used later as barricades.

On February 24 all the factories stopped. The whole population seemed to be in the streets, calling for "peace and bread." The authorities were not particularly alarmed. They had expected bread riots in the course of this hard winter, and besides there were about three thousand armed police in Petrograd. But on this first day they tried to keep order without firing. They planned a little "blood-letting" when things had quietened down a bit.

But the clamour for "peace and bread" was not to be stifled so easily. Both at home and at the front, the people had lost interest in the war and faith in their leaders. After initial victories, the Russian army had been pushed back by the Germans to a line running roughly south from the Gulf of Riga to Tarnopol. The front was now static, casualties were enormous, supplies were not reaching the troops and the ramshackle armament industry was inadequate to equip the nine million men who were under arms. The soldiers wanted to go home.

On February 25, the crowds were bigger than before. Now there was a new cry, a political cry: "Down with autocracy." The authorities decided to put their prepared plans into action. The police formed a cordon round the government buildings. As the crowd approached, they opened fire. Women and unarmed workers scattered, but only to form up again.

More force was needed if the streets were to be cleared. The Cossack cavalry was called out—the troops who had crushed the revolution in 1905. But now they seemed unwilling to act.

The workers called to the Cossacks: "Brother Cossacks, don't shoot at us"; and the Cossacks turned away in embarrassment. One winked at a working man instead of trampling on him. Another cut down a police officer with his sword, for giving the order to fire. By the evening, foreigners, listening from their hotels, heard no longer just firing—they heard the exchange of shots. The Cossacks were firing back at the police. The real revolution had begun.

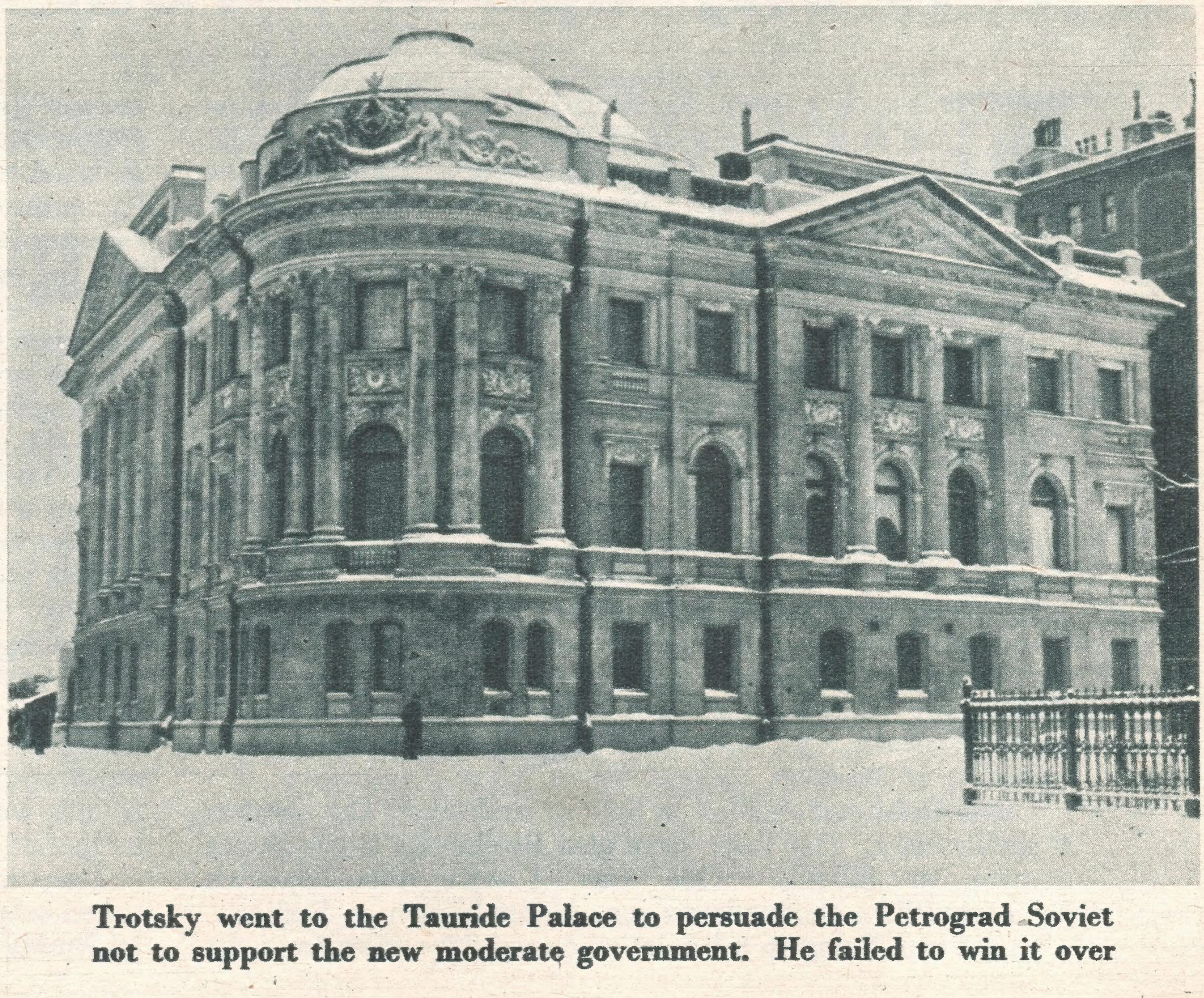
The Cossacks were quite a small force—only about ten thousand of them. But there was also the infantry of the so-called garrison. They were nearly 200,000 men, supposed to be training for the front. On February 26, they were ordered into the streets. Some mutinied immediately; and loyal troops had to keep them confined to barracks. Others obeyed orders.

A detachment of the Volinsky regiment set up machine-guns in the main square and killed over forty people. On their return to barracks the soldiers held a meeting and resolved not to act further. They told their commanding officer: "We will not shoot." Then they killed him, or perhaps he committed suicide. It was always the same story. The men either refused to go out or disappeared as they were marching.

The soldiers could not stop at mutiny. The revolution had to succeed if they were to be safe. So on February 27 the whole garrison turned out without their officers. Detachments went systematically round the capital, attacking the pockets of police resistance and wiping them out. Many police were killed. The others were soon queueing up to be arrested—prison was the safest place for them. On the side of the people about 1,200 were killed.

The workers and soldiers of Petrograd had conquered. There has never been a revolution so universal or so completely without leaders or organizations. The names of a few factory workers and non-commissioned officers who gave orders have come down to us. None of them ever appeared again or played any part in later events. The people of Petrograd pushed the Tsar off his throne all by themselves.

What was Tsar Nicholas II, Autocrat of All the Russias, doing during this great crisis in the destinies of his empire? He was drifting over the Russian wastes in a special train. He had just been to army headquarters, as commander-



Trotsky went to the Tauride Palace to persuade the Petrograd Soviet not to support the new moderate government. He failed to win it over

Smiling, Kerensky (left) jokes with a soldier at the front. Nameless soldiers like the men in this group rose with the workers in the revolution at Petrograd

The revolution of February, 1917, had no leaders. Leon Trotsky, a member of the 1905 Soviet, was living in New York

Lenin, the exiled Bolshevik leader, heard the news of the February rising in Zürich. This, he knew, was his chance

In February, 1917, Stalin, chief of the Bolshevik "practicals," was in Siberia. Once he plotted a stage-coach hold-up

in-chief of the Russian armies, to direct the war against Germany. But he issued no orders, failed even to make suggestions. He was a sad, futile little man, with no ideas, no judgment, no resolution. His only note in his diary during these last days of absolutism was: "I think I will take up dominoes again seriously."

On February 26 his wife telegraphed that there was trouble in Petrograd and that he should return in order to suppress it. It was the last telegram to reach him. Later messages came back inscribed: "Whereabouts of addressee unknown." For the Tsar's special train had started back for Petrograd.

But there were difficulties. Finally, the train stopped at a wayside station. The signals were against it. A staff-officer got out to inquire and came back pale and agitated. "Your Imperial Majesty," he gasped. "The railwaymen refuse to allow the train to proceed. They threaten to pull up the lines."

Like the people of Petrograd, the railwaymen had suddenly decided not to obey the Tsar any more. The train turned back towards headquarters. There was nothing else to do. One moment it contained the most powerful despot in the world; at the next a trivial little man who was of no importance to anybody.

For Nicholas had been indeed a despot to the very end. There was no period of concessions with the Tsar gradually admitting the politicians to a share of power. Nicholas gave all the orders, decided everything from peace and war to the local affairs of a village. Of course the aristocracy and the educated classes knew that the war was being run badly. Some of them said so in the Duma or sham-parliament when it occasionally met. They grumbled in the drawing-rooms and over the dinner-table at restaurants. One or two, greatly daring, went to the Tsar in private and urged a change. He listened to them politely, silently; but he took no notice.

The only adviser Nicholas II took notice of was his wife. She listened behind a curtain when the Tsar interviewed politicians or foreign statesmen. Then she emerged to say: "Don't yield. Be Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible—crush them under your feet. Russians love to feel the whip. Strike your fist on the table."

She had an adviser in her turn—Rasputin, a drunken, dissolute monk, who had saved the life of her sickly son by faith-healing. Rasputin cared nothing for war or grand policy. He wanted money, vodka, women. But he was blamed for all the faults of the system.

Just before Christmas, 1916, some high aristocrats lured him with the promise of a pretty girl. They fed him with poisoned cakes; and when these only increased his ardour shot him three times through the heart. Even so one eye flickered with life as they threw his body into the River Neva.

Rasputin's death changed nothing. The peasants even felt that one of their own sort had been killed.

The February revolution was made by events, not by propaganda. There was no revolutionary agitation in Russia worth speaking of after the outbreak of war. What really caused the revolution was the breakdown of the railways which held Russia together. Engines and rolling-stock wore out and were not replaced. Accidents increased. Supplies could not reach the army. Still graver, food could not reach Petrograd. Here was a large, highly skilled working class and a huge armed force. When they joined forces in February, they unconsciously created the alliance of workers and peasants which Lenin had preached in theory.

EVERYONE in Russia was used to taking orders from the central government; and that meant Petrograd. Therefore what happened in Petrograd determined the whole fate of Russia. Physically Petrograd was more and more isolated as the railways went from bad to worse. But emotionally it still dominated Russia. The telegraph went on working. All Russia learned the news from Petrograd and followed its lead—the soldiers in the trenches as much as the peasants in the villages. The breakdown of the railways made it impossible for Russia to control Petrograd. The telegraph made it possible for Petrograd to control Russia.

The Tsar's ministers were not used to issuing orders without their master's approval. But since they could not make contact with him, they had to do something. On February 24 the council of ministers met at the Admiralty. They told the military governor of Petrograd to take "resolute action." Next day they even took resolute action themselves. They formally dissolved the Duma.

After that they could think of nothing to do. On February 28 some soldiers broke into the

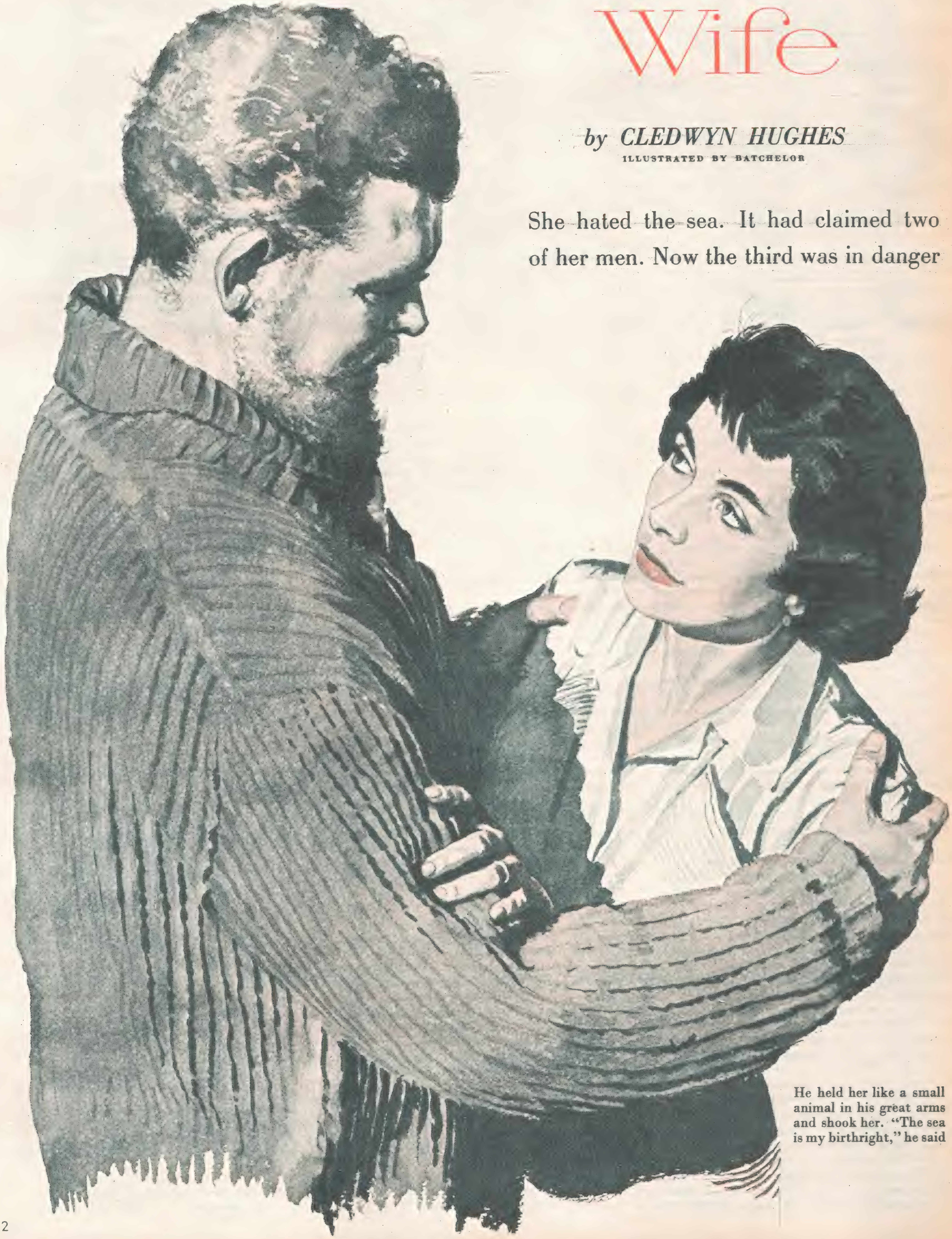
Continued on page 41

The Skipper's Wife

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

She hated the sea. It had claimed two of her men. Now the third was in danger



He held her like a small animal in his great arms and shook her. "The sea is my birthright," he said

Often when the wind was high off the sea, Margiad wondered in her secret heart why she had married a sailor. The worry was almost too much. To lie alone in the warm double bed under the slates at such times was anxiety too much for the simple love to bear.

The wind which, on gentle summer nights, seemed almost to carry her husband's voice off the blue acres, changed its character in the winter. Then it seemed to have nothing of Ifor, none of his Celtic gentleness, none of the laughter with which he looked at the world.

When the westerly gales blew, the voice of the wind had the whine of mockery as it sobbed about the grey stones of the squat chimney above their home. It was the voice of the great salt-master which over the years had claimed Margiad's own father, and which, one night in a wild spring, had taken her only brother.

They had given her a medal with which to remember her brother. There had been nothing like that to remember Daddy. Only the memories of horse rides on the blue serge of his knee; only the remembrance of summer days in the fishing boats.

And yet, in spite of this, Margiad had married a sailor. Or rather, she had married Ifor because he was Ifor. The fact of his being a sailor was only incidental. Often, though, she doubted if she could have married anyone else except a seaman. The ocean was in her heart and she knew she had to love and hate, fear and respect the sea all her life.

Ifor was a trawler skipper, a giant of a man who grew a golden beard in the winter and shaved it off in the summer. At first Margiad had hated the beard, and had persuaded Ifor to shave it off for their wedding. But, that one great nervous act of his life over, he had immediately started to grow it again, on their honeymoon.

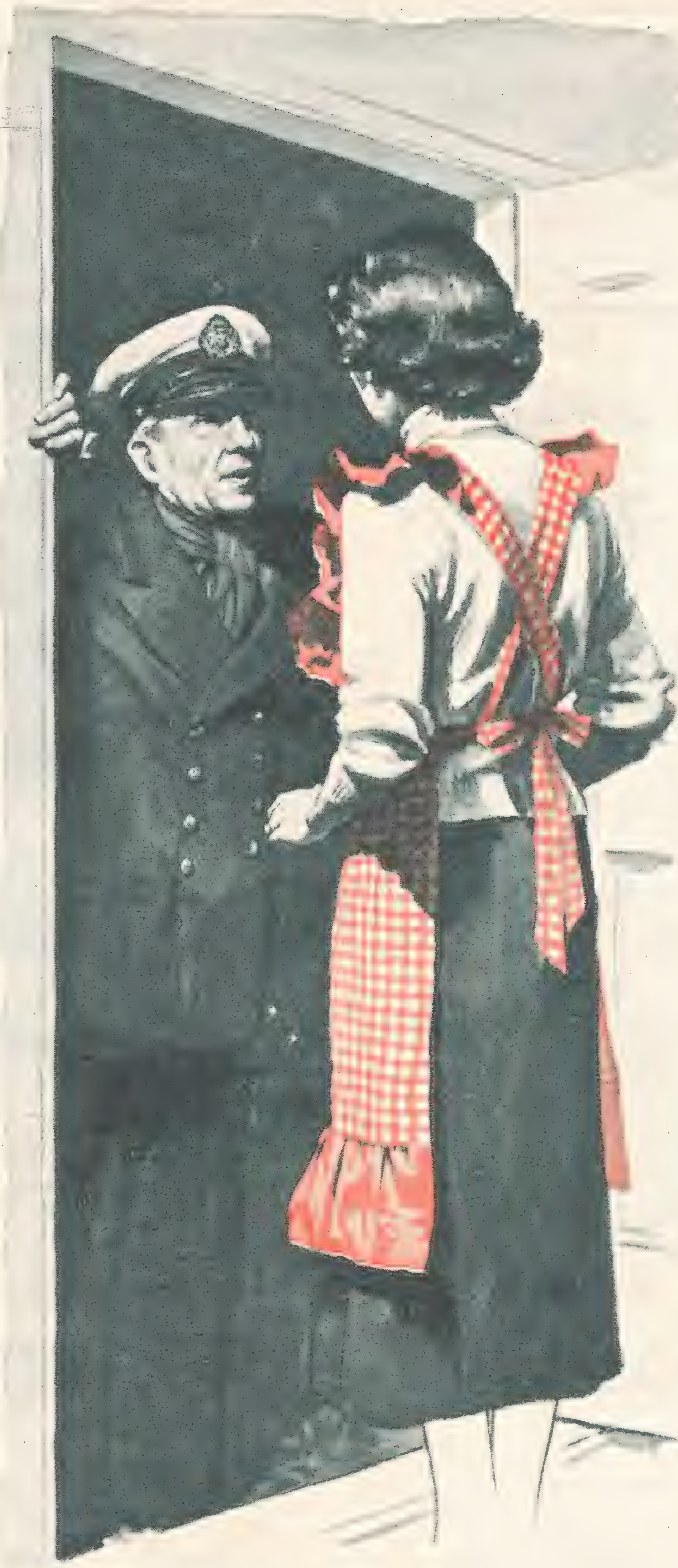
Ifor took the stumpy brown trawler from the west coast of Wales to Iceland. He spent more time in the cabin than on shore. And yet the grey house on the gorse-sided cliffs above the bay was his home, the place to which, on each return from the sea, he came to his young black-haired wife as if she was a new, perpetual bride. In the early days their love and their laughter had made all her fears worth while. When they were together it was as if the sea annealed and raised their love to something neighbouring an act of worship.

But there was always the parting, and at each goodbye Margiad became more and more bitter. At first she only feared the day when Ifor had to go away in the Nancy Jones, but lately she had come to hate the proud look in his eyes when he stepped once more aboard his boat. She understood that there was a tangled feeling of competition between herself and the trawler and the sea for the heart of Ifor.

Only a few weeks ago she had let this feeling take possession of her. She had talked with Edward Thomas, the coastguard, and he had said that there was a job going in that service, and that he would put Ifor's name forward for it, with a recommendation.

She had told Ifor about it on the day when he had last come home. He had bared his white teeth above the beard which had faced the Arctic seas. He had held her like a small animal in his great arms, saying as he shook her: "The sea is my birthright. I do not want to stand on the land, peeping through a telescope."

Margiad had dared to say no more then, but the struggle was on. Either she would have to live in resentment, now and then welcoming home a wild giant who made her forget her worries for the moment by the intensity of his emotion, or else she would become selfish enough to persuade him to stay on the land. She knew that if she did this, he would be like a bird in a cage, but at least she would be able to watch over him and keep him safe.



"Come in, Mr. Thomas," Margiad said, hoping that her voice sounded calm. There was terror in her heart . . .

And now, since he had last gone, there was the wonderful news she had to tell him. Margiad was going to have a baby. And that was another reason why Ifor should take the coastguard job. A little child had the right to have his father under the same roof when there were tempests on the world.

It was an October night when Margiad sat at the table in the kitchen of their home. She had been baking a cake. Ifor was due home, and it was a treat he liked.

It was a great cream cake, with cream filling inside and thick layers smeared all over the outside. My, she thought as she laid on the mixture, what a sweet tooth the lad had! But then, he had few cakes aboard the boat. Wonderful though Dai the cook was with stews and batters, he was pretty hopeless at making any sort of a cake in that heaving old Nancy Jones.

Margiad finished putting on the cream and, in an idle thought, licked the blade of the palette knife. When the baby came, she would have to put off such bad habits. The little one might grow up always eating with a knife, cutting his mouth each day, seeing the doctor often, perhaps have to go into hospital for weeks, all because his mother had taught him the bad habit of licking a knife.

She shuddered at the train of dreadful thoughts and hastily put the knife down. My, it would be good to see Ifor after this long, long month. It had seemed that he had gone for ever; no fish handy, and the boat had gone into an Icelandic port, and there had been the frequent picture postcards from him. It would be good to see him and to tell him the happy news; news which she had not dared tell him over the radio telephone from the owners' office when she had the chat with him every other day.

She was contemplating the knife when she heard, with a sudden sinking of her heart, the first moan of the wind. It had been a still evening and she had not listened to the radio, just for fear that there had been a gale warning. But she had lived too long and too close to the sea not to know the peculiar sound of this first breath of the coming storm.

There was a moan of the wind about the house, then a slight pause, and then the full force of it arrived. For an hour she sat and listened in the kitchen, until abruptly a new sound came; the soft chiming of the front door bell.

She hesitated for a moment, then rose and went through the cool, tiled hallway to the front door, which looked out on to the dark sea. The rising wind was trembling the door. The draught was flapping the carpet, for she had forgotten to put down the excluder made of calico filled with sand.

Then the chimes went again, and as she switched on the light and opened the door, a fist was being raised to knock on the woodwork.

She recognized the face and the uniform. It was Edward Thomas, the coastguard. The wind was tottering him as he stood in the porch. Behind him the sky was dark, with the street lights of the town dancing on their wires along the road at the bottom of the cliffs.

"Come in, Mr. Thomas," Margiad said. Her voice, she hoped, sounded ordinary in the wind, but there was terror in her heart. Coastguards calling at the house of a sailor on a wild night meant trouble.

With a stumble, blown by the wind, Mr. Thomas came into the hall and shut the door. He took off his cap and let the rainwater drain from the peak on to the soil of a cactus plant which was on a stand in the hall.

"A rough night, Margiad."

He had been a friend of her father's. He had carried her high on his shoulders on summer days. It was now the uncle that was speaking, not Her Majesty's Coastguard.

"Margiad," he said. He paused then, and wiped some of the salt and the rainwater from the rims of his grey hair. "Margiad—it's the Nancy Jones. . . ."

He broke off. Margiad said nothing. She wondered, in the slow way of a shocked person, what he had to say to her.

Mr. Thomas put out his hand to her, shapeless in its mitten of blue wool. He said quickly: "Don't be afraid, my dear. The Nancy Jones is in danger but we can save her crew."

Margiad let out her breath in a sigh that was louder than the wind. She said: "If only he had become a coastguard, I should not be trembling now." Then she went on in a stronger voice: "Please tell me what is wrong."

Mr. Thomas put his cap on his head again. He said: "I have come to tell you this night that the Nancy Jones is aground on the South Bank by the harbour."

"Will they get her free?"

"Time will show, but the breeches buoy is being set up on the cliffs by Salt Rock. I have come to warn all the relations of the sturdy crew to have hot-water bottles and aired beds and things like that ready for when your men come home wet and dripping."

Mr. Thomas turned to the door. He said, before he opened it to the wild night outside: "When you have done that, it would be a good idea perhaps if you came along to the top of Salt Rock, where the breeches buoy crew are. All the women will be coming there."

Margiad nodded numbly.

When Mr. Thomas had gone, she went back

Continued on page 34

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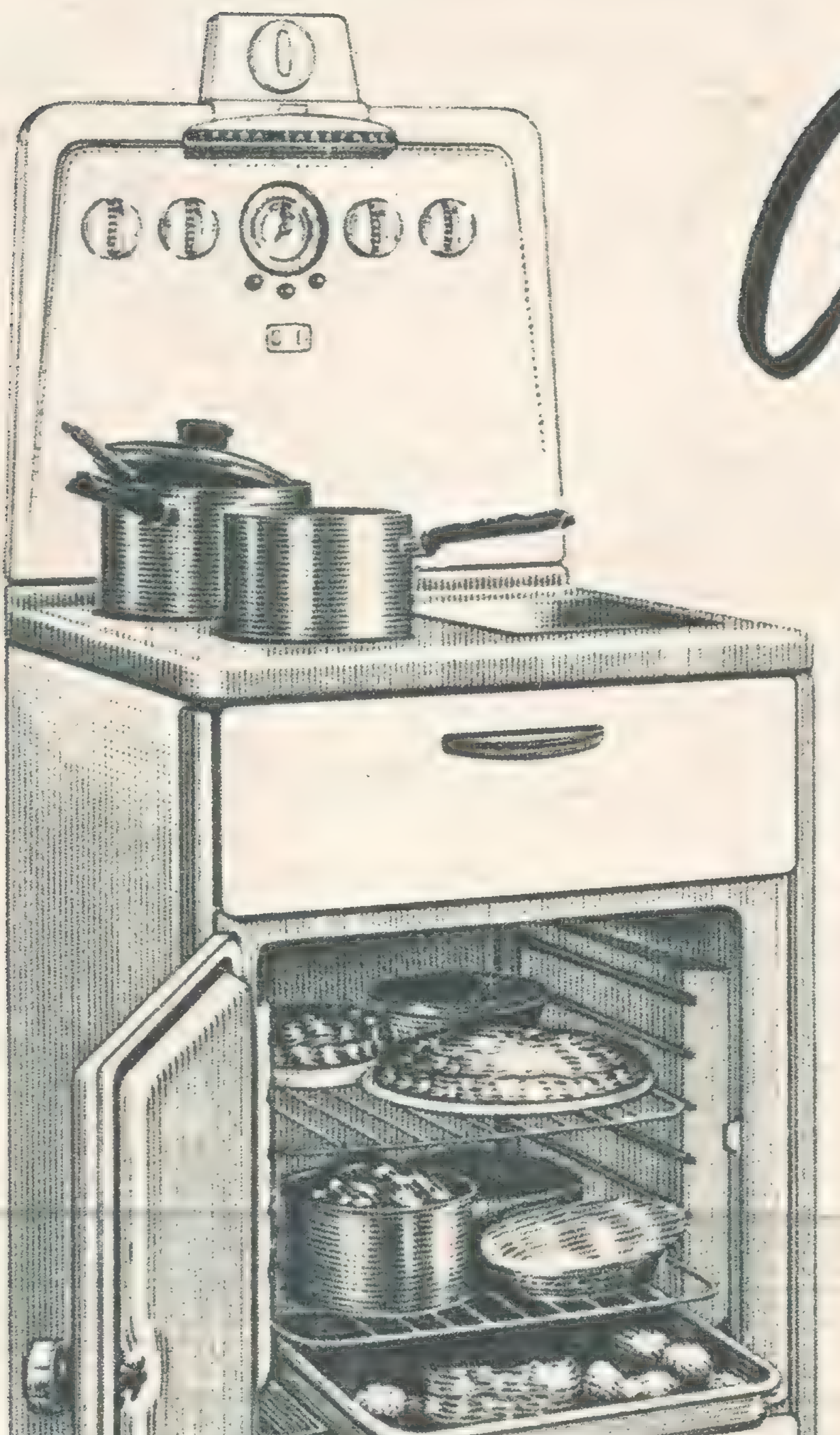

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Guardian of the royal herd

The seven hundred deer of Richmond Park are in Henry Wonham's care. He keeps them—and the visitors—on their best behaviour

by DAVID MILLWOOD

ONE dreamy Sunday afternoon last summer, the gatekeeper at the Roehampton entrance to Richmond Park, on the outskirts of London, turned his back on the stream of incoming cars and saw a full-grown stag trotting towards him. He moved into the road between the gates and waved his arms. But the stag did not stop. With one graceful bound, it leaped over his head, scattered a group of walkers and disappeared into a belt of trees.

A few hours later, Henry Wonham, the park gamekeeper, and fourteen maintenance men set out by lorry for a nearby sports ground where the stag had been reported by the police to be trampling cricket pitches. They took with them a rope net fifty feet long and eight feet high, and two stout leather straps. Wonham carried a .32 Winchester rifle, but he hoped that he would not have to use it.

The stag had left the cricket pitches and had found its way into a field when they arrived at the sports ground. Wonham strung out his men across the field. Holding the net between them, they closed in, moving cautiously step by step to avoid panicking their quarry. Then, at a signal from Wonham, they rushed forward and threw the net over the stag. Wonham grabbed a fore and hind leg, threw the animal to the ground and tied its legs together with the leather straps.

It took eight men to lift the stag, a prime seven-year-old beast weighing 250 lb. with an eighteen-point head of antlers. They carried it back to the lorry and drove back to the park, where Wonham removed the straps and set it free.

SINCE he came to Richmond Park in 1949, Wonham, a spry, sturdily built Sussex countryman of fifty-six, has made at least six similar captures every year. Although an eight-foot brick wall surrounds most of the 2,358-acre park, determined deer in search of new grazing find a way of escaping. Wonham once saw a young stag leap from a standstill over a seven-foot fence topped with barbed wire.

Some years ago, four deer escaped by jumping a low wall on the Roehampton side of the park. They remained free for two weeks, roaming Wimbledon Common by day and raiding the fruit trees and rose bushes of a large nursery at night.

If an animal proves impossible to catch, Wonham has to shoot it. He kills about one hundred deer every year, but there are other grounds for taking this drastic action. Shooting is also necessary to maintain a balance of six females to one male, to put wounded animals out of their misery, or to provide venison for those who are entitled to it by royal warrant.

Warrant holders, whose office entitles them to receive a free haunch of venison every year, include the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor, the City Chamberlain and the Recorder and Sheriffs of the City of London. Twice a year, shortly before the slaughter times in autumn and early winter, George Thomson, the park superintendent, receives from the Lord Chamberlain a list of warrant holders who have asked for venison.

Sir Winston Churchill and Earl Attlee asked

Wonham always carries his gun when on patrol with George Wood, the deer dresser. Prince Charles wanted to go rabbiting with him

Deer sometimes hold up traffic on the road in the park. They ask for titbits from drivers by poking their noses through open windows

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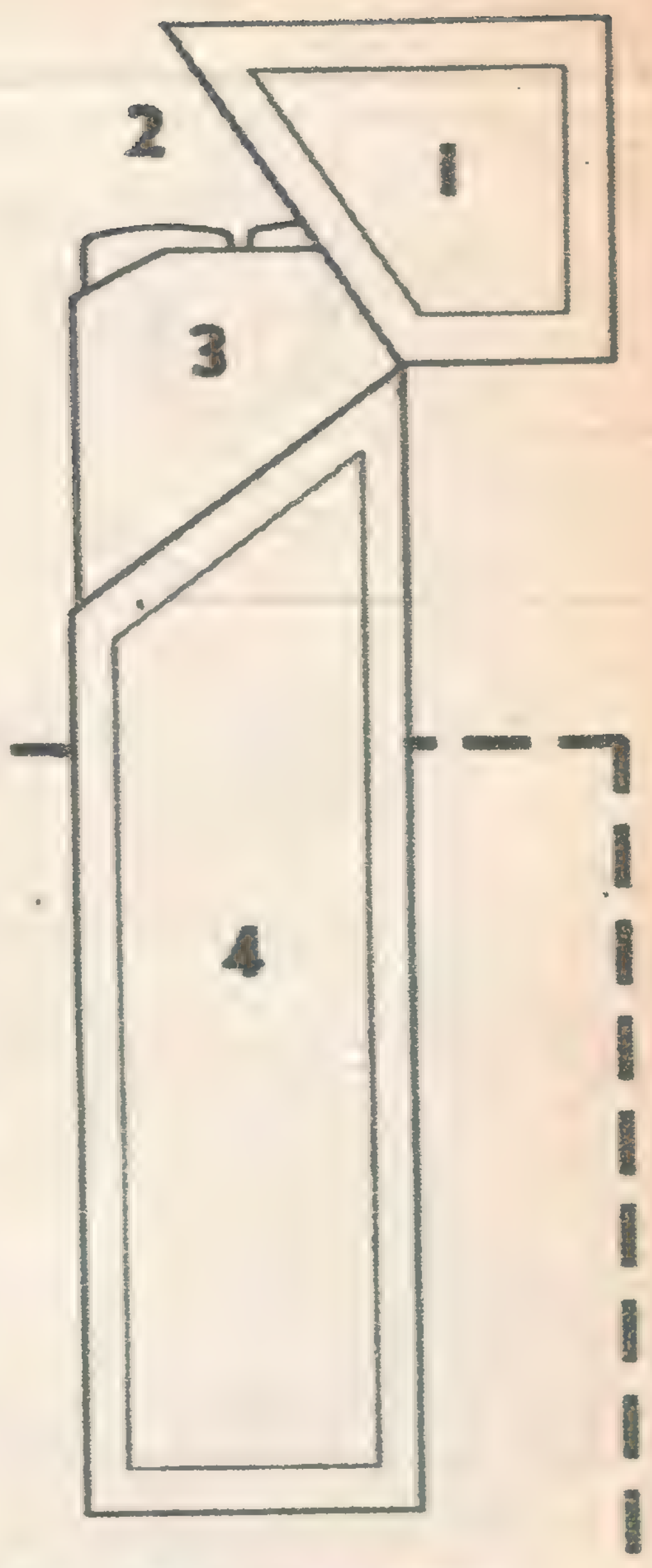

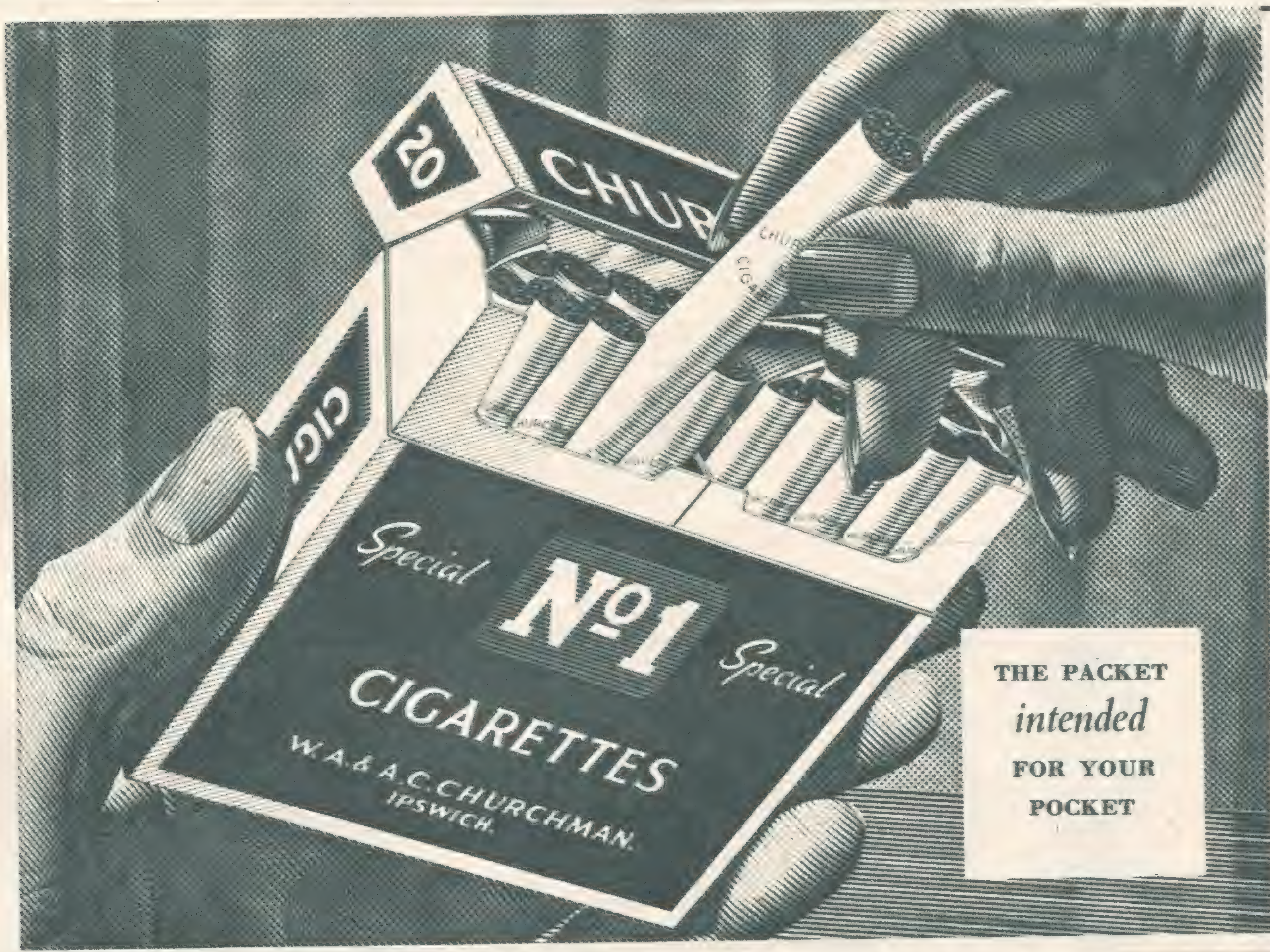

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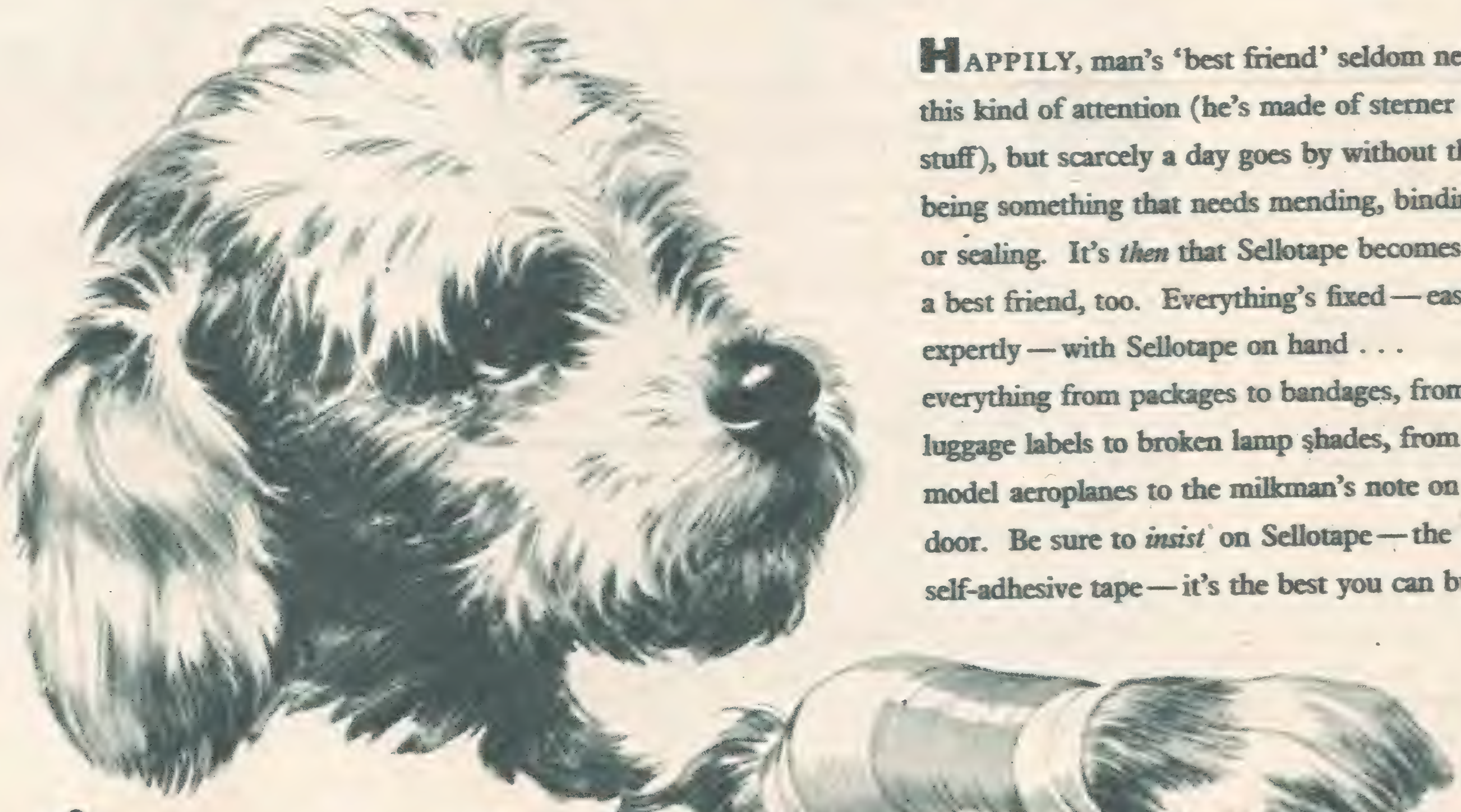

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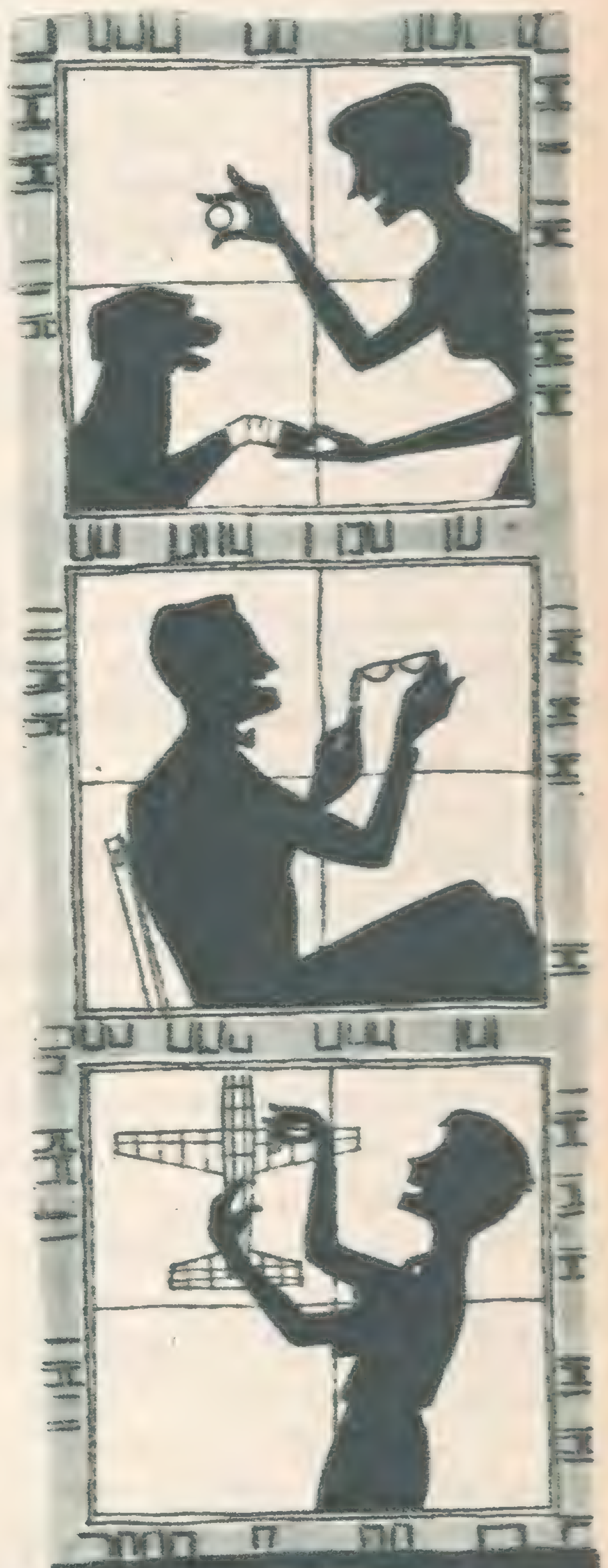

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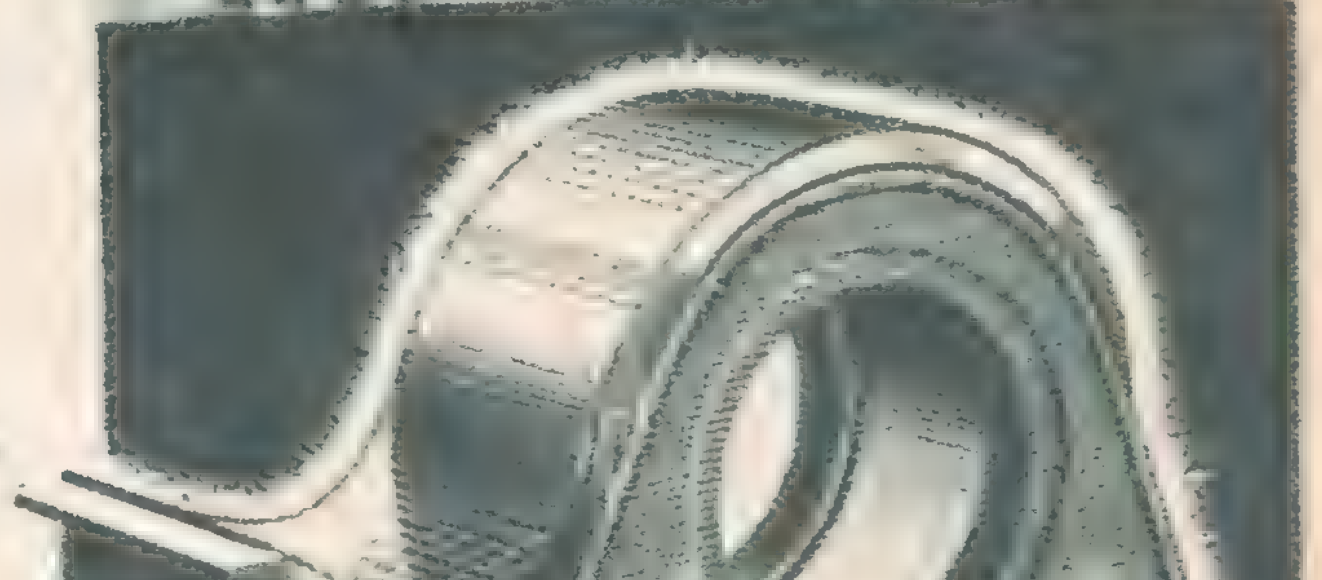

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Deer often come to the roadside to be hand-fed. They are a danger to the public, and persistent "scroungers" have to be destroyed

for it every year during their terms as Prime Minister. The Archbishop of Canterbury receives a free haunch regularly, but the Royal Family, who are also entitled to one, have not asked for it for many years. The last time Sir Anthony Eden's name appeared on the list was in 1952, when he was Foreign Secretary.

"The hindquarter has more meat on it," says Thomson, "and most warrant holders get one every alternate year, irrespective of the importance of their offices."

The number of deer that Wonham kills depends on the number of names on Thomson's list. Last winter forty-four warrant holders were supplied from Richmond Park and another forty-three from Bushey Park and Hampton Court Park. Meat dealers bid for the surplus venison.

Wonham selects seven or eight year old bucks and does, which he separates from the rest of the herd before shooting them. The meat of fallow deer is considered more tasty and tender than that of red deer. George Wood, the deer dresser at Richmond since 1938, skins and prepares the carcasses.

As gamekeeper, Wonham lives in a cottage inside the park close to the Richmond Gate. He makes two patrols each day, early morning and early evening. It takes him a week to cover the whole park. In winter two men go out every day to feed beans, maize and hay to the deer. During the unusually cold spell last winter, they doubled the ration and went out twice a day.

Wire and sharp metal obstacles—relics of army manoeuvres in the park—are a frequent cause of injury to the deer.

"The bucks and stags will use wire to rub the velvet from their new season's growth of antlers," says Wonham. "Often, they get hopelessly entangled. Then another animal will come to investigate and get entangled, too. They pull against each other and begin to fight. When this happens, it is usually impossible to rescue them both uninjured."

Although he relies to a great extent on the public for news of injured deer, Wonham is sceptical of all such reports, especially during the summer. "Scores of well-meaning old ladies report that they have seen 'a poor dear animal bleeding to death.' In nine cases out of ten, the blood comes from the velvet and there is no injury at all."

He recalls interrupting his Sunday lunch once to walk three and a half miles through a thunderstorm from one side of the park to the other to find a deer which had been reported lying injured in the bracken. When he arrived, the animal jumped up and ran off.

A tally of the deer is made each winter at feeding times. At the last count, there were 470 fallow and 210 red deer—an increase of 180 in the last four years.

The deer are one of the main attractions at Richmond Park, which is the largest of the eight royal parks in the London area. At fine weekends in the summer there are between 40,000 and 50,000 visitors in a day and cars are lined bumper to bumper in traffic jams. When following their leader across a road, the deer may jump over passing cars, but occasionally they run straight into them. Wonham had to shoot several which were injured in this way last summer. Collisions with cars, attacks by dogs and injury from dangerous objects accounted for fifty losses to the herd in 1955.

Some of the six and seven year olds become bold enough to take hand-fed titbits: a few even stand in the roads to stop traffic and demand to be fed by poking their noses through an open car window. Most visitors are delighted to oblige them, but the driver of a drop-head coupé a few years ago found that he had nothing edible to offer. The deer showed its displeasure by ripping off the car's hood with its antlers.

"It is better for the deer to remain a little wild," says Wonham. "As soon as they become at all tame, accidents happen." Notices at each of the seven main gates and throughout the park warn visitors against the danger of feeding, but they are widely ignored. The penalty on conviction is £5, but no one has ever been brought to court for the offence.

Last December, a man who was feeding bread to a stag dropped a piece and bent down to pick it up. The stag also bent its head, jerked up in alarm and tore a six-inch gash in the man's scalp with an antler. He was taken to hospital for the wound to be sewn up.

A few weeks later, Wonham saw a little girl bending down in front of another stag. He shouted to warn her but he was too far away for his voice to carry. "I saw the stag's head jerk up quickly, heard the child cry out, and saw her thrown to the ground. Luckily, she was unhurt. The point of an antler had ripped her dress, but missed her body."

It is the deer themselves that suffer most from feeding and petting. To protect the public, the persistent beggars are destroyed. Last summer, two men in a lorry went out at weekends and daubed with paint those animals which came to be fed. At dawn the following morning, on orders from the park superintendent, Wonham reluctantly singled them out from the rest of the herd and shot them. Experience shows, he says, that warnings do not deter the public. "Unless something else is done—such as prosecuting a few offenders as an example—I will probably be asked to do the same thing this year."

Wonham, the son of a gamekeeper, has had care of deer during all his forty-two years at the job. He left school at fourteen and became an assistant on a large estate in Surrey. Now he is employed by the Ministry of Works, which controls all the royal parks, and draws a civil servant's salary of £7 13s. a week.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

In Wonham's cottage there is a drawer full of catapults. "I often catch youngsters potting at birds," he says. On August Bank Holiday last year, a gang of Teddy boys he caught chasing the deer threatened to beat him up, but they turned tail and fled when he went through the motions of slipping a cartridge into his twelve-bore gun.

Wonham uses the gun for rabbiting—his duties include controlling vermin such as rabbits, weasels and carrion crows. On his morning patrols a few years back, he often caught sight of Prince Charles and Princess Anne out walking with their nurse, Miss Lightbody, and tactfully chose his own route so that their paths did not cross. One morning a meeting was unavoidable. Rounding a bend in a woodland path, Wonham came face to face with Prince Charles, who was walking ahead of his sister and nurse.

The boy pointed to Wonham's gun and asked what he was doing.

"When I said that I was out shooting rabbits, the Prince asked me to take him along with me. I didn't want to say no. I left it to his nanny to dissuade him."

Wonham witnesses many fights between stags in rut, but he never attempts to interfere. "They battle for hours, mainly with their antlers, but also rearing up on their hind legs and boxing with their forefeet. Sometimes a third stag comes along and runs off with the hinds that have caused the fight. When that happens, the victor usually fights again to win back his harem."

Deer will not usually attack humans except during the rutting season or, like most animals, to protect their young. Ignorance of their characteristics, particularly their tendency to panic, is the cause of most injuries to visitors and to the park staff. A newly appointed foreman who had no experience of deer, or of Wonham's method of capturing them, rushed forward shouting and waving his arms, collided head-on with the startled hind he was trying to catch and was sent flying.

After a lifetime of experience with deer, Wonham is seldom surprised by their behaviour. But a young buck, entangled with barbed wire in a bomb-hole, once gave him a shock that he is unlikely to forget. George Wood, the deer dresser, recalls that Wonham jumped into the hole, cut the wire away as he had done scores of times before, then began clambering up the bank.

"The buck came up behind him," says Wood, "and butted him over the top. As soon as Wonham scrambled to his feet, the buck charged and knocked him down again."

When Wonham got up a second time, he found Wood rocking with laughter. Wonham says wryly: "I have never lived it down." THE END

Revenge of the Bedouin

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

"These people," said Chafik, "have a curious code. They warn the victim before they draw the knife . . ."

THE early sun of Baghdad, focused on the wrought-iron grille of the window, cast a curious, patterned shadow over the body on the bed. The police inspector was moved to say, "I trust this is not an omen."

He looked at his sergeant, a dour and excellent man, who said seriously, "No, sir—it is murder!"

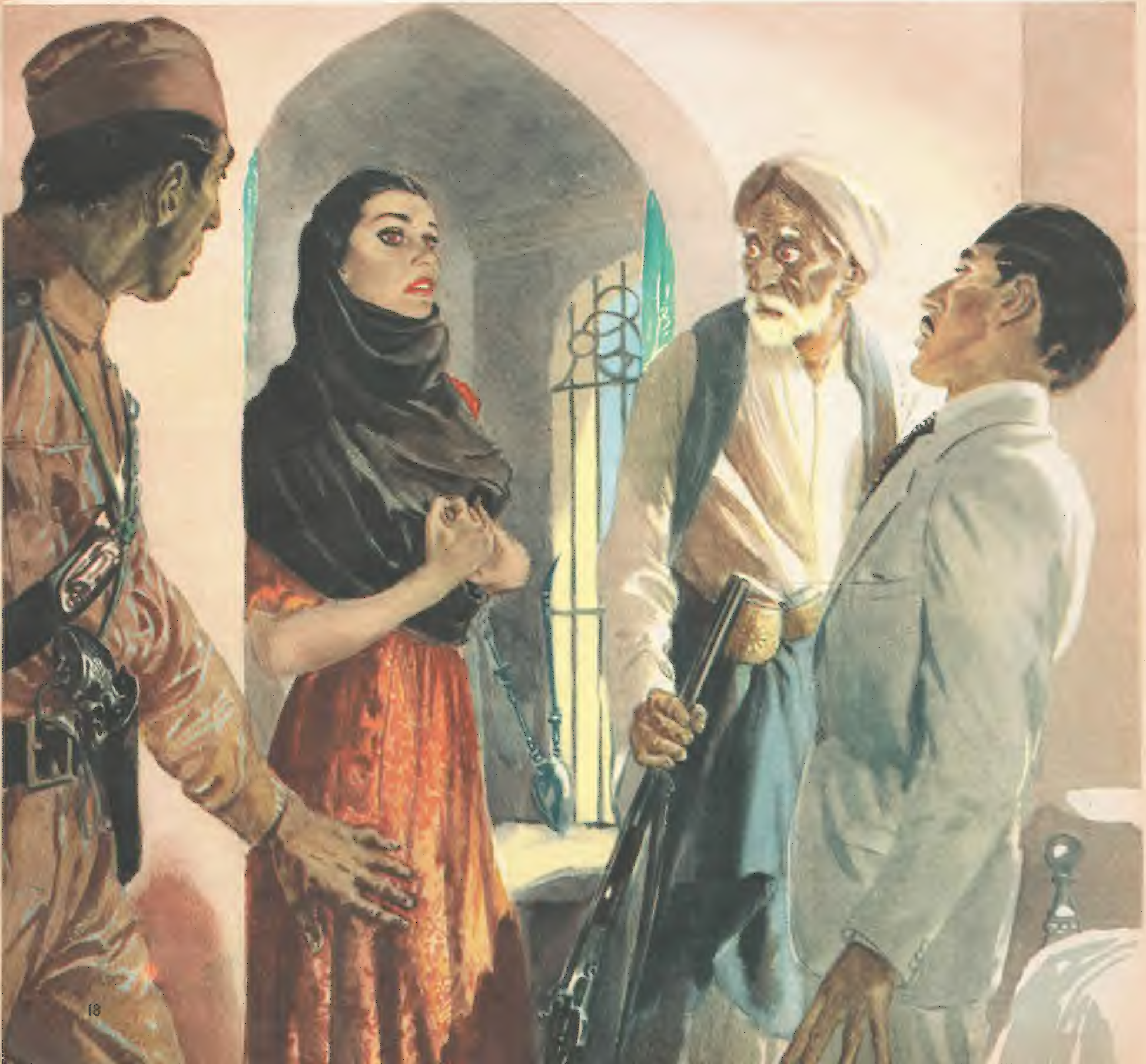
Inspector Chafik did not smile, for it would have embarrassed his subordinate, but the inspector's thin and swarthy face softened as he turned away.

He was a small man conservatively dressed in a cool white suit and meticulously groomed. A black *sidarah* crowned his sleek head, proclaiming his Moslem faith.

"How cosmic is the sunrise!" Chafik said. "Really, so inconsiderate of Mr. Kedayer to present himself as a corpse when Baghdad has made herself up for him! How did he die, Abdullah?"

"Sir, he died by the knife. A clean job—one

Chafik stepped quickly between the woman and the bed. "You should not be here, Madame Kedayer," he chided



flick!" the sergeant said. "I do not remember a neater throat-cutting."

"And what motive is there for this murder?"

"None is apparent, sir. Revenge is a possibility. The deceased was a very hard man," said the sergeant.

Inspector Chafik nodded. "Kedayer, named Yusif," he said. "Age about sixty. Wealthy. Estates near Lake Habbaniya. A parliamentary deputy. Three unsuccessful marriages. At present married to Nadra, daughter of Sheikh Saadi al Kifri, deceased. Yes, yes, I know much about Mr. Kedayer." Then for the first time he went and studied the corpse, and after a moment said briskly, "Well, Abdullah? What evidence have we got?"

"Nothing but a cry, sir," said the sergeant. "Loud and very protracted. A very remarkable cry, so I am told."

"So? Were there no witnesses?"

The sergeant produced a witness. The man's name was Murad, and he was the night guard of Kedayer's house on the river bank. Murad stood with his rifle at his side as he said, "I was his slave."

Chafik replied, "The days of slaves are over; nevertheless, I will note your loyalty on your dossier. Now report to me, as you would have done to your master, about the night."

"Excellency, it was moonless and very still," Murad said. "I killed two scorpions in the garden and one snake. I did my patrols and returned to the foot of the stairway that leads to my lady's rooms. There I keep constant watch."

"Why?"

"The master's orders."

The inspector looked closely at the bearded old man. What he saw in the round brown eyes caused him to say absently, "Middle-aged husbands of young wives too often dream of young men prowling." He heard himself and, as always, was annoyed by his habit of thinking aloud. "Come to the dawn hour," he said brusquely.

"At that hour an evil jinni made my eyes heavy."

"Perhaps it was your years," Chafik said in a kinder voice. "What awakened you?"

"The cry."

"What was it like?"

"A high shout, Excellency. Like a trumpet sounding. I went to investigate. There was an odd shadow perched on the garden wall——"

"How odd? What did it resemble?"

"A great bird. I challenged and fired, and when it leaped from the wall I saw it was man-shaped. Alas! I am no longer the marksman I once was," the old guard said sadly. "Otherwise, surely I would have killed that thieving nomad."

"To what nomad do you refer?" asked the inspector.

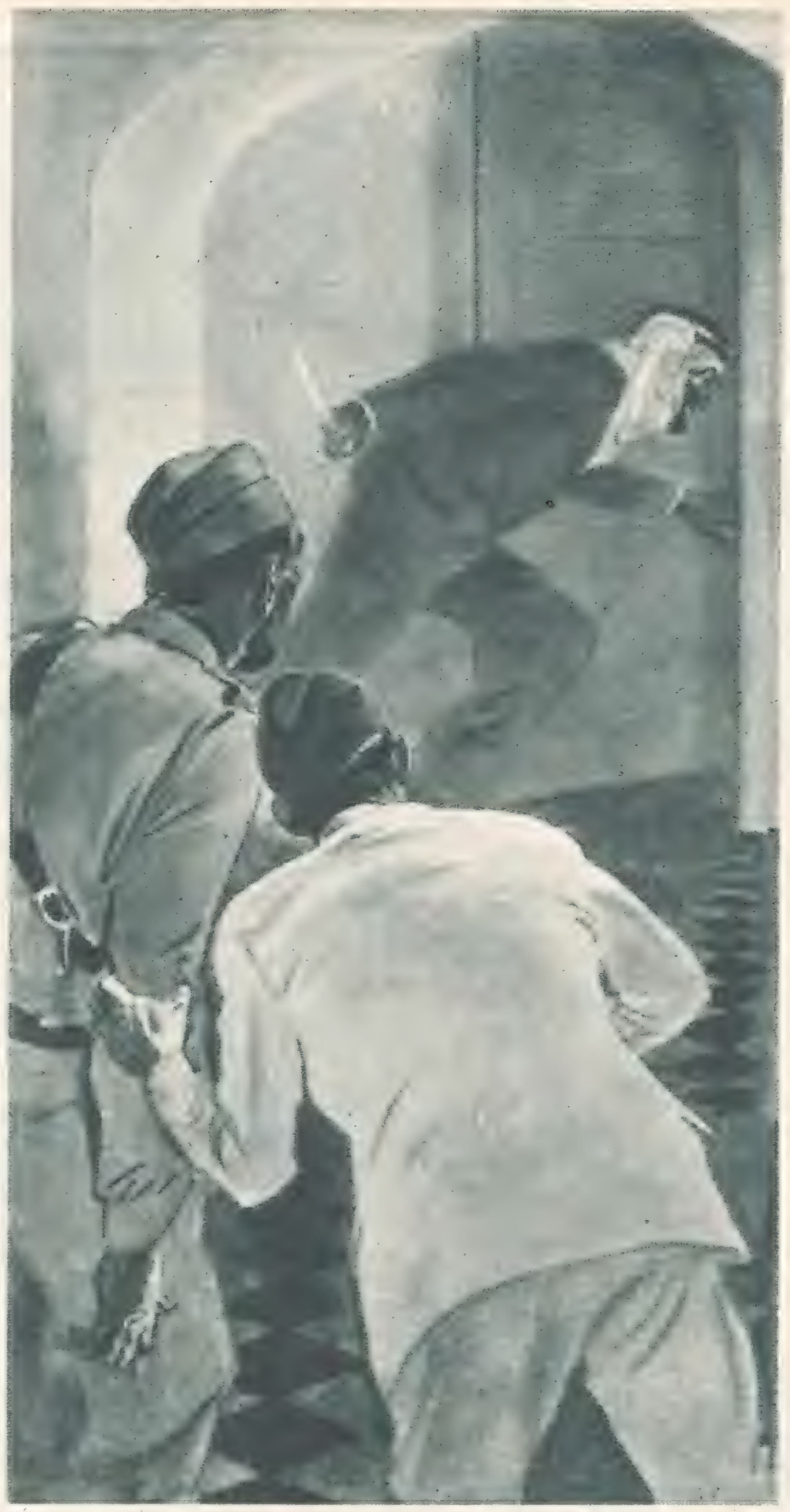
"The one that killed my master, Excellency! A few days ago people came and camped within our shadow. They were tribeless wanderers, the kind that come with the swallows, plant their crops, harvest, and are gone. Bedouins!" Murad said with a city man's disgust, and he spat.

CHAFIK nodded. These fleeting visitors came to Baghdad in the spring of the year, and their crude shelters mushroomed overnight. They would turn their cow or goat to graze on the grass that sprang from the rain-fed dust, and plant crops on the islands of silt that appeared when the river went down after the floods; the fertile soil was considered a gift from God, and so was legally free.

"What happened to these unfortunates?" the inspector asked the witness.

"The master asked me to drive them away."

Murad went to the window and pointed. Beyond the garden was the parapet of the river wall and a thirty-foot drop. The waters of the Tigris had receded and left a beach. Here a few boats were drawn up, and there was the wreckage of a lean-to and other signs of habitation, including the vines of a bean crop recently torn up and destroyed by fire.



Chafik and the sergeant saw the shadow—heard a click as the door opened. The beginning of the dawn was reflected in the blade of the knife

"It is my work to drive them away," said the old man without pride.

"Your master was indeed hard."

"Yes, Excellency. Always he would clench his fists at these landless ones. I remember long ago when we lived on the estate at Lake Habbaniya, there were just such nomads, and. . . . It does not matter now," Murad said abruptly, dismissing unwelcome thoughts. "The ones I drove away yesterday killed my master!"

The old man's voice was hard and flat. His hand tightened on his rifle, and Chafik thought of what must have happened on the estates at Lake Habbaniya. He said sharply, "Did you pursue the shadow you saw last night?"

"I could not, Excellency. My shot disturbed the household, and the lady came, and I. . . ."

Murad glanced away and then he suddenly stiffened. Inspector Chafik stepped quickly between the corpse on the bed and the woman who stood in the doorway. "You should not be here, Madame Kedayer," he chided.

"I am not afraid to look on my dead," the widow said. She was young and dark, and the looseness of her gown did not hide that she was with child. Her pride denied grief, and the inspector was reminded that she was of the tents, a bedouin daughter of a desert prince. He salaamed out of respect for her.

Her self-control of grief distressed the inspector. He was a man who cried when he was sad and laughed when he was happy. "Madame," he said, "sometimes when our river is heavy with flood it is wise to break the levees to reduce pressure."

"You mean I should waste tears?"

"Madame!"

"Tears do not bring vengeance."

The inspector frowned. He checked his own distress and said officially, "Very well, then. Help me fill in the gaps in the evidence your husband's guard has given me. Did you hear the cry Murad talks about?"

He was sure she hesitated before she answered. "I heard only the shot."

"You didn't see the shadow?"

"I saw nothing—nothing!"

Her voice was shrill and he noted the way her hands were clenched—as if she held a secret, he thought. Aloud he said, "Had your husband enemies?"

"A man without enemies is not a man," Madame Kedayer said.

"He drove away the strangers who camped under your wall?"

"Murad told you that? It was not a nice thing; they were such sad people. And it was so distressing for our guest——"

"There is a guest here? Why was I not told?" The inspector looked angrily at his assistant.

"Sir! I was never told there was a guest," Sergeant Abdullah protested.

"Do not blame your man," said Madame Kedayer. "The guest was Mr. Hindawi, a gentleman from Jordan. He had been with us two days when my husband ordered Murad to drive out the strangers. It distressed Mr. Hindawi and he left us. I think he went to the Regent Hotel."

MADAME KEDAYER drew a fold of her robe over the lower part of her face. It was not usual for a princess of the tents to veil, and Chafik was concerned because she was so obviously disturbed. He remembered she would soon bear a child, and he said with tenderness, "You have a brother—isn't his name Raouf? I advise you to send for him at this time."

The young widow's eyes widened. "Raouf must not come here," she cried. "Not here!" she repeated, and fled.

Inspector Chafik watched her go. "Chafik J. Chafik, may you be forgiven for the pain you have unwittingly given her!" he said in the humble voice he used when he talked with his God in the mosque.

Chafik sat in the back of the police car that returned him to the city. "Yes, yes, she has a brother," he muttered to himself as he flicked ash from a cigarette. "Name, Raouf. Only son of Sheikh Saadi al-Kifri. Raouf is nineteen and she's older. He's a troublesome young man and a bit of a political firebrand—suspended from law school because of some speeches he made. And Raouf was at loggerheads with his sister's husband. All Baghdad knows that."

The police car stopped at the Regent Hotel, and the inspector inquired for the man who had been Kedayer's guest.

Mr. Hindawi was dark and bearded and wore the yellow *kuffia* that was the headdress of his country; otherwise he was in European clothes. "I was informed about what happened. I expected you," he said gravely.

"I always come after Death has called," Inspector Chafik said apologetically.

They sat in the garden and looked at the river. Terraces went down to the water's edge, and there were neat lawns and many flowers. The sun shone behind groves of date palms, and the day was not yet too hot.

"It is very pretty here," remarked Mr. Hindawi

"For the moment," Chafik said.

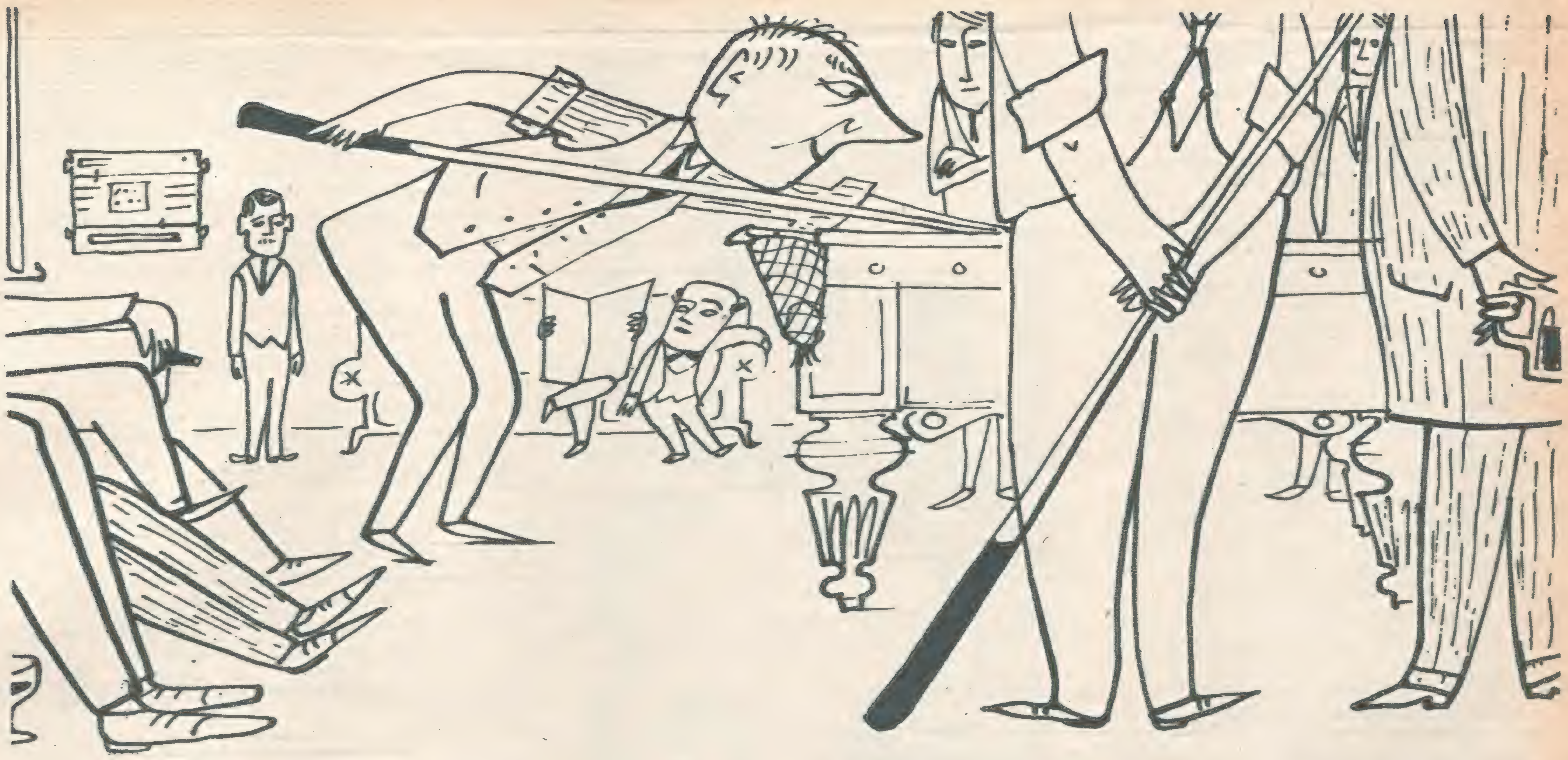
"One is reminded," continued Mr. Hindawi, "of those early hours, and of the night when it covers with darkness, and of the Lord who has not forsaken you, nor has become displeased."

"You quote," said Inspector Chafik, "from the Koran. That passage goes on: 'And surely the future shall be better for thee than the present.' "

"So you, too, are a theologian," said Mr. Hindawi, smiling.

"Alas! I am first a policeman," declared

Continued on page 37



the things they say!

I.C.I. spent more than 30 million quid last year on new plants. That's what I like to see – big ideas being put over in a big way!

Yes, but isn't there a danger of a company getting too large?

Why so?

Because the sort of centralised control you get in big organisations kills initiative and smothers everything in red tape – costs rise and efficiency falls.

But I.C.I. doesn't work that way. It has 13 operating Divisions, and each is largely master of its own affairs. Certainly, the end-product of one is often the raw material of another, but there's plenty of rivalry between them.

Well, if the Divisions are run as separate concerns, what was the sense in merging them?

So as to make a common pool of all their research and technical knowledge – and of their buying and selling, too, whenever that could be done with advantage and economy.

Is that all?

By no means. The merger also meant that the best brains in the business would be available to plan for all. And by putting all their money into one "kitty", they made sure that their ambitious new plans wouldn't fail for lack of capital.

You sound as if you really believed in I.C.I.'s sort of bigness!

I do. I.C.I. has to be as big as it is, to do the very big job it is doing.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

Eamonn congratulates a *What's My Line?* challenger. Many are determined to score off Gilbert Harding—until the show starts

This Is My Life (5)

I brave the fury of Gilbert Harding

by EAMONN ANDREWS
as told to WILFRED GREATOREX

When he fidgeted and fumed on the panel, I knew that he was preparing an onslaught. In the battles that followed I sided with the challengers—and often became the target

LATE in June, 1951, when my affairs had suddenly taken a turn for the better, I found myself Dublin-bound over the Irish Sea yet again—this time with a proposal of marriage on my tongue. Over the previous two years my friendship with Lorcan Bourke's lovely daughter, Grainne, had developed into a long-distance courtship spaced by my efforts to break into the B.B.C. in London, and there had been times when my prospects looked bleak enough to rule out matrimony.

Now, however, I had a useful income from outside broadcast commentaries, occasionally as many as three Saturday sports programmes and a Festival of Britain show called *Welcome Stranger*. And in the middle of May had come the biggest week I had known as a broadcaster, when six mornings of *Housewives' Choice* had pushed up my earnings in that week to £100.

It was exceptional, and I knew it, and only when Grainne arrived in London to see me after a holiday in France with her cousin Maureen had I made up my mind to take the plunge. Even then, I saw her off from London Airport without mentioning marriage.

I still felt more like a guest of the B.B.C. than a part of it, and for the first day or two *Housewives' Choice* had only emphasized this feeling of not belonging. Doing disc programmes for Radio Eireann, I sat down with a couple of turntables beside me, said my introductions and then

At a night club Eamonn compered a give-away quiz. "In a month I was ready for a holiday"

Barbara Kelly with two of her children. When the TV camera is on her Eamonn keeps quiet. His wisecracks might distract male viewers

dropped the needle. *Housewives' Choice* seemed much more impersonal: everything was done by remote control, with one man on the panel and another putting on the records.

I felt uncomfortable until I realized that it allowed me to concentrate much more on the audience; even so, I missed that exaggerated and heady feeling, experienced by disc-jockeys working for less elaborate stations than the B.B.C., of having discovered the composers, musicians and singers featured on the records.

On landing at Dublin Airport, I took a taxi to my mother's home at Fairbrother's Fields, tidied myself up, then set out for Grainne's. I borrowed Lorcan's car and drove straight for the most romantic spot I knew in the Dublin Bay area—Howth Head.

It was a warm evening, with only a faint breeze coming in from the sea. We walked along the beach, and I began ham-fistedly explaining to Grainne that I was in a job where at best there was very little real security. From the look she gave me I guessed that she was thinking this was just another bachelor Irishman's blarney. I proposed.

Back at Grainne's we broke the news, and I added boldly that I didn't believe in long engagements. Lorcan produced a bottle of champagne, and it wasn't till two in the morning that I got back home. Later that day I was off back to London, as happy as I had ever been in my life, but determined to pursue more and more work.

As it turned out, the biggest break I had ever known, though it didn't look like it at the time, was just round the corner. When Ronnie Waldman telephoned to say that the B.B.C. had been considering an American programme called *What's My Line?* and that my name had been mentioned as a possible chairman, I showed about as much enthusiasm as a man with an appointment to see the dentist. I frankly couldn't see it amounting to anything. I readily agreed, though, to attend a viewing session when several of us who were being considered for the show would be able to see a film of the American version.

At Alexandra Palace I took my seat in the viewing-room along with Gilbert Harding, Robert MacDermot, Barbara Kelly, Bernard Braden, Bill O'Bryen—representing his wife, Liz Allan—Ted Kavanagh, Marghanita Laski, Ronnie Waldman, Maurice Winnick, who held the lease in the show, and Leslie Jackson, who would be its producer. The plugs for a deodorant struck me more than the programme itself.

Afterwards we talked it over in a pub, and a few days later I was advised that Gilbert and I would alternate as chairman. I was billed to take the first programme, a move that led one senior B.B.C. television executive to ask Ronnie Waldman if he was trying to wreck the programme at birth.

There was nothing momentous about our début, made without fanfare, but the press criticisms were hardly favourable: one writer remarked that I treated the "so-called experts" as if they annoyed me.

It was the following week, when I was doing another job at Skegness, that the first furore broke. Somehow the last two challengers were sent into the studio in the wrong order, and Gilbert, as chairman, found himself at odds with a panel beater whom he innocently supposed to be a male nurse.

Asked if he had anything to do with transport, the panel beater answered, "Yes."

"No," Gilbert corrected, thinking of the male nurse.

At such cross purposes the conflict went on until Gilbert announced: "He's a male nurse."

"No, I'm not. I'm a panel beater."

"Oh, are you?" said Gilbert, huffily. "I don't know what the devil's happening, but this is the last time I shall appear on TV."

It was the first sensation in *What's My Line?*—the first Harding broadside to rock the nation. I came in as chairman of the third of the programmes, and stayed, though the panel was frequently changed and new gimmicks were introduced—the quickie challenge, mimed clues and certificates for those who achieved ten noes to the panel's questions.

My problem as chairman, after determining to interfere as little as possible, was to make up my mind exactly where I stood. I was also learning that it was unwise to wisecrack when viewers were getting an eyeful of Barbara Kelly; this only infuriated the male members of the audience.

My sympathies soon slipped over to the challengers. Almost without exception they arrived at the studio cockily eager to beat the panel, and with an immense pride in their jobs that made me marvel.

One of my first jobs was to check such points on the challengers' cards as whether or not they were self-employed. I was doing this with a shoeshine boy when he suddenly pulled me up. "What's that you said about it being unskilled? Don't start that."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Of course it's skilled."

I was learning. In all the hundreds of *What's My Line?* programmes over which I have presided, I have come across only two people who openly claimed that their jobs were unskilled.

In spite of this pride I noticed a subtle change in the attitude of challengers as transmission time approached. From assurance their manner fell away into nervousness and at times sheer dread. It occurred to me that the whole game placed one man or woman unaccustomed to the lights, cameras and the other terrifying paraphernalia of a TV studio against four professionals who were used to these things.

I decided to weigh-in with the challengers. I started talking about "this side of the house." It made me fair game for Gilbert Harding. If he considered the challenger's answers evasive, Gilbert fired and flamed like a jet engine and launched into the rages and Cromwellian broadsides for which he became famous.

Sometimes, he assumed that the challenger was saying more or less than the truth. When in fact he was not, Gilbert let me have it too, as I was the only one besides the challenger who knew the facts of the matter. The man who interferes to settle a row usually gets hit the hardest, and soon my mental imagery made him look more like an opponent sitting poised in the other corner of a fight ring. I watched him before each programme like a schoolboy searching his master's face, wondering if he had a good dinner inside him or was merely suffering from indigestion.

It was impossible to forecast the storm clouds. Once or twice, when the programme preceding ours overran, I knew the witches' cauldron had been stirred as Gilbert fidgeted and grumbled under the hot lights. Twice we left the studio after the programme without speaking to each other.

The first time this happened followed my application of the word "luxury" to muffins. Gilbert thought this was nonsense. By such small things are quarrels born. In the reception room afterwards he stood with his drink in a corner addressing remarks meant for me to everyone except me.

Gilbert's irascibility engendered a high temperature among those viewers who became challengers, and increasingly I found myself listening to threats. "I'm going to fix this fellow, you know," some would say. I never bothered to warn them that more than likely Gilbert was equipped with a sharper tongue and mind than they were.

When the cameras started winking, their bluster evaporated. I seldom tried to dissuade them from going into battle. "O.K.," I would say when a threat came up, "do what you like." I knew they would be more circumspect when the time came.

Through all this many people got the idea that the clashes between Gilbert and me were a put-up job. In truth, they never were: only once, when we had come to understand each other better, did we "needle" for fun or gain. People had come to expect it, and we did a Sunday concert at Luton with a bit of denunciatory cross-talk which went down well. Once, when I was presenting a greyhound trophy at Clapton, someone yelled, "Where's Gilbert?" and I announced, "Don't worry. He's running in Trap 2 in the next race." After the races I was signing autographs and a man asked me to sign on the back of a thick wad of paper, which I realized was a bundle of £5 notes. I gave the man a questioning look and he grinned. "Took your advice. We were all on Trap 2 in that race. It came up."

The bookmakers had a bad night through my remark.

The impact of television, and *What's My Line?* especially, was coming home to me. I was beginning to understand why agents were so keen to foist their clients on to producer Leslie Jackson for the celebrity spot. In a Regent Street coffee house a waiter spoke to me about the show, and so did two taxi drivers and a porter at Kensington Air Terminal. In a few months my fortunes seemed to have turned full circle and engagements were piling up. Besides radio and television there were concerts, public appearances, and I began what was to become a years-long association with cinema newsreels as commentator.

I recorded these commentaries late at night at Denham, and on the Saturdays when special newsreels were being prepared on big sporting events I would finish three sports programmes at Broadcasting House and dash out to Denham for a film-making session finishing at any time up to six o'clock on the Sunday morning.

In addition, I was searching for a flat in anticipation of my forthcoming marriage. It was Dorise, the wife of my personal manager Teddy Sommerfield, who found one—at West Hampstead: it was furnished, and Grainne came over with her mother to see it. She was not over-impressed and said that the furniture would have to go. The wedding was on Wednesday, November 7, 1951, at Corpus Christi Church, Dublin, and as there was a *What's My Line?* on the Monday night, I decided to

Continued on page 45

At Eamonn's wedding someone mixed up the top hats. The switch was not discovered until the photographs were taken. Left to right: brother Noel, Peadar Bourke (Grainne's uncle), Bobby Hughes and Eamonn's brother-in-law, Lorcan

When Quiz, Grainne's poodle, was lost, Eamonn organized a midnight hunt by London taxi-men

Beyond The Black Stump

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Stanton's oil venture was ending. But for Molly it meant the start of a new life . . .

STANTON LAIRD and the girl stood together, in the wide Australian desert, and looked at the boy they had found. He was very near to death. "It's the skin," said the girl, Molly Regan. "He's so terribly burned. . . ."

The youth had been lost in the desert all day—a whole day under the sun, without water. Molly's father, Pat Regan, had organized the search.

With a fire blazing as a signal to attract the other searchers, Molly and Stanton sat by the unconscious boy and talked: Stanton, an oil-seeking American geologist, and Molly, the Australian girl from Laragh sheep-station.

He told her of his home town, Hazel, in Oregon. But he did not mention the bad memory it held. . . . At sixteen, he and his friend Chuck had been in a car-smash. One girl had been killed. Another, while in hospital, learned that she was to have a baby and had married Chuck. But the child had grown to look remarkably like Stanton. Chuck himself had recently died in a flying accident. . . .

Molly listened enthralled to Stanton's stories of life in the States. She wanted to travel, to see more of the world than West Australia. She had told David Cope so when he had asked her to marry him—David, the young Englishman, who was fighting hard to make a go of drought-stricken Lucinda sheep-station. One day, perhaps, she would go to America. . . .

Yes, said Stanton, Hazel was a wonderful place. He was giving up the oil business and returning there to work for his father. Then he added: "And yet in some ways I just can't bear to go."

"Why?" Molly said. "What's so attractive about this place?"

He said simply: "You!"

PART FOUR

"Most Wonderful Day In My Life"

MOLLY turned towards him, and he took her hand. "I just can't bear the thought that I'll be going away and never see you again."

She looked up at him. "Oh, Stan!"

He drew her to him. "I'm terribly in love with you, Molly. Will you marry me?"

"I think I'd love to, Stan." She turned to him, and kissed him very fondly.

Presently he said, "Are you quite sure, Molly?"

She drew away from him a little, and said, "I think so, Stan. I think I could make you happy, and I think you'd make me happy, too."

He said quietly, "What's troubling you, then?"

She smiled. "I don't think anything's troubling me, Stan. I'm too happy to be troubled."

"I never thought when I came to Australia I'd go back with a wife."

She sat nestling close to him, his arm around her. "I *am* looking forward to seeing Hazel and meeting your people, Stan. Tell me some more about them, and how you live."

He did so, for the next hour. From time to time he would get up and throw more wood upon the fire while she attended to the boy. He seemed to be asleep now, or else in a coma; he was very hot to the touch. There was nothing more that they could do for him, however.

Presently Stanton said: "What had we better do about your own folks, honey? Had I better go and see your dad?"

"Not yet," she said. "Let Ma tell him, Stan. I'll tell Ma about us when we get back to the station, and then let you know."

They sat there together, very happy; till about twenty minutes past eleven. Then they heard the humming and the clatter of a truck, and saw headlights on the road coming from Mannahill. Stanton got up and stirred up the fire so that it rose in a great blaze, and then he pulled a bough out of it and waved the fiery brand. The truck pulled up, and then men were walking up the river bed to them.

It proved to be Pat Regan and one of the coloured stockmen from Mannahill. Molly and Stanton walked a little way to meet them.

"We've got him here, Dad," the girl said. "He's terribly burned, and he can't talk. He's taken a good bit of water, though."

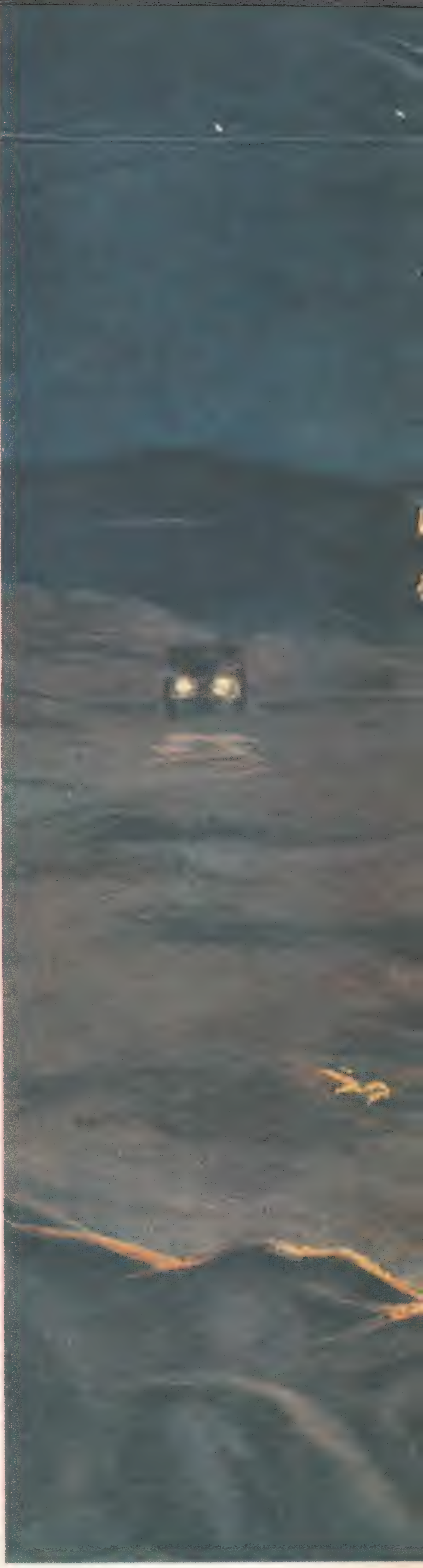
Gently the red-headed old man turned the blanket back and examined the boy. Then he stood up. "It's the doctor himself is needed for this one," he said.

Under the old man's direction they set to work to improve a stretcher. Then they made their way down to the truck. Molly and Stanton got into the back to ride beside the stretcher. Pat Regan got into the driving seat, and they started up the road to Mannahill.

The truck drew up at Mannahill at about one in the morning. The doctor came out in his pyjamas.

"They'll fly him away out of it at dawn," said Pat Regan, "down to the hospital at Hastings."

Molly and Stanton were very hungry indeed. Within a quarter of an hour they were sitting at the kitchen table eating a large meal of grilled meat, bread and jam, cheese, and tea.



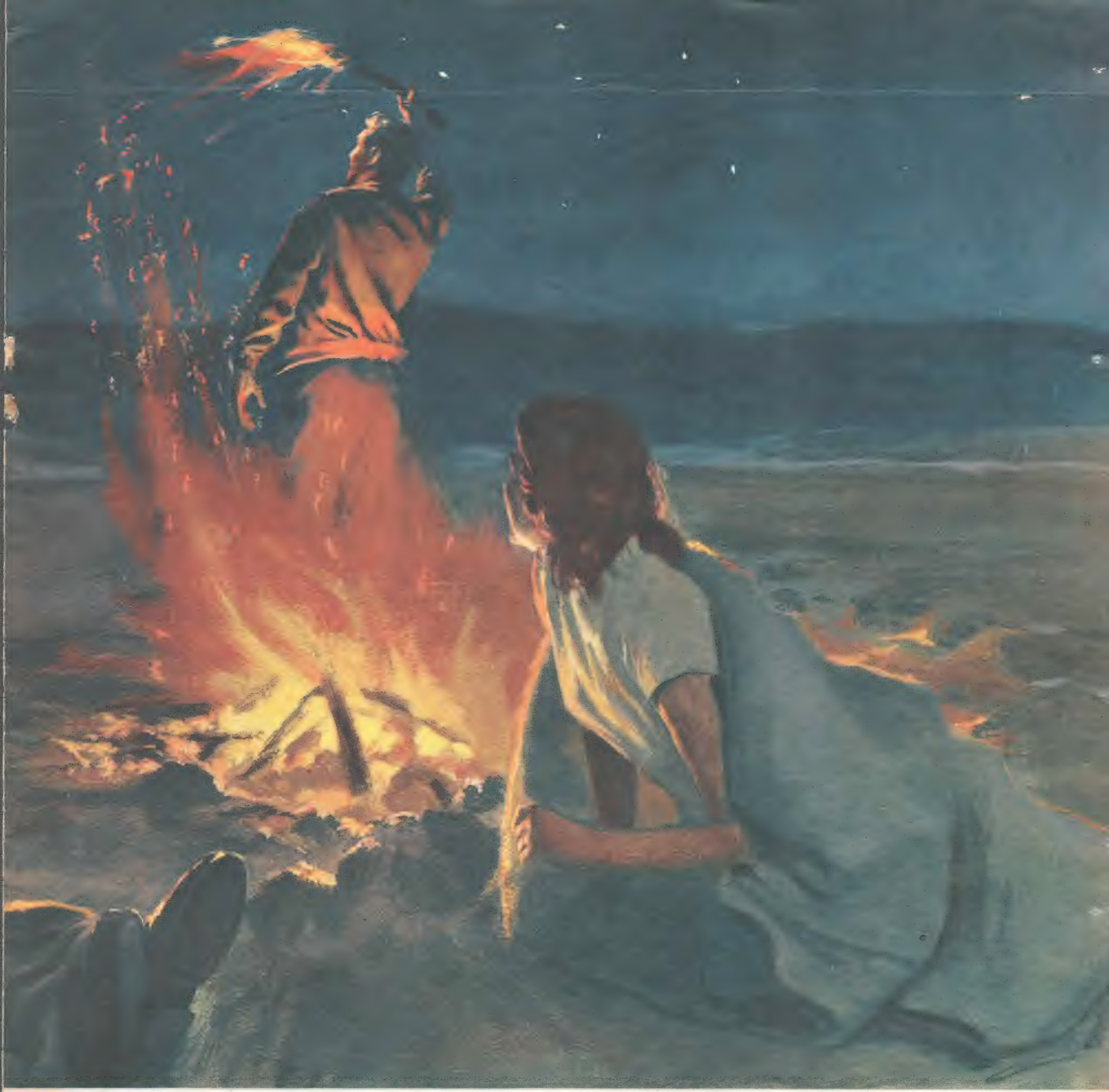
At three in the morning Stanton and Molly left for Laragh in the oilmen's jeep. They came to Laragh Station in the first light of the dawn.

As they drew to a standstill, Stanton said quietly, "I'll be over around tea time, Molly. I guess this has been the most wonderful day I've ever had in my whole life."

She pressed his hand. "Thanks, Stan. Thank you for everything."

She got out of the jeep, and went to meet her uncle and the Judge on the veranda. Stanton drove on to the oil rig.

Molly slept late that morning. Her mother, looking in at about eleven o'clock, brought her



Headlights appeared on the road from Mannahill. Stanton stirred the fire into a great blaze and waved a fiery brand

a cup of tea. The girl sat up and took it from her sleepily.

Her mother stood looking down at her. "They're saying on the wireless that ye found the laddie that was lost," she said. "You and Stan Laird between you."

Recollection of the night's events came back to her. "That's right," she said. "Daddy's staying over at Mannahill till Mr. Rogerson gets back."

"Aye, I heard that." She paused. "Stan Laird bring you home?"

The girl nodded, with joy in her heart. "We got home about five o'clock. Ma, Stan wants me to marry him."

The expression on her mother's face did not change. "Oh, aye," she said. "I was wondering when that was coming."

"Aren't you pleased, Ma?"

"Are ye going to?"

Molly nodded emphatically.

"Ah weel, he's a decent man, and well brought up, I'd say. When will he be coming over next?"

"He said he'd be coming over about tea time today."

"With the fear of the Lord in his heart, nae doubt!"

Stanton Laird came to Laragh at about five o'clock that afternoon. As he got out of his jeep he hoped that Mr. Pat Regan hadn't yet come home from Mannahill. He had a notion that initially the mother would be a lot easier to deal with.

Mrs. Regan and Molly were seated on the veranda; the girl got up and came out to meet the jeep. Stan took her hand, and looked into her eyes. "Sorry about anything yet?"

She shook her head, smiling. "Not yet," she said. "I told Ma, Stan—about us."

"Fine! I guess I'd better go and let her give me the once over. How'd she take it?"

"Very well," the girl said. "She thinks a lot of you, Stan."

They went together to the veranda.

Stanton said to Mrs. Regan, "Good afternoon. Molly says she told you about us."

"Aye," said the mother, "she did that. I told her you were too good a man for her, an' that I thought the worse of you for asking, but it all flowed off her like water off a duck's back." She motioned to a chair. "Sit ye down, Mr. Laird, and tell us whatever made ye do such a daft thing." She turned to her daughter. "Molly, go off and start getting the tea. I want to have a talk with your young man alone."

She went reluctantly. When she was gone the Scotswoman turned to the geologist.

"Now, Mr. Laird, there's one or two things to be settled before this goes any further. In the first place, when were you two thinking of getting married?"

"I haven't talked about that with Molly yet, Mrs. Regan," he replied. "It's all pretty new. But I'd say my job here would be finished within three months from now, and I was planning to resign from the oil business then, and go back home to help my father. He owns a garage and engineering business back in Hazel, 'n' he wants to turn that over to me."

She nodded. "Molly told me that. It sounds like a good opening."

"It's a good opening all right." He paused. "I haven't talked this over with Molly," he repeated. "But I'd say that the right time for us to get married would be before I go home."

She sat in silence for a minute, studying her sewing. Then she said, "She tells me you're a Presbyterian."

He nodded, sensing trouble. "That's right."

"She's a Catholic. Were ye thinking that you'd have a Catholic marriage?"

"I haven't thought about that yet," Stanton said. "Perhaps a civil marriage would be better."

"Aye," she said quietly, "if you're both willing to give up your principles, which she's not and I don't suppose you are. However, leave that be, and let's suppose that we get Father Ryan to come here and marry you, for all the ill he thinks of Laragh. Would your father or your mother be coming to the wedding?"

"I wouldn't say so," he replied. "It's quite a way to come."

She nodded. "It is that."

She sat sewing in silence. Presently she said, "What that means, then, Mr. Laird, is that Molly would be married to you here and go off with you to a foreign country, married to a foreigner, to go to settle down alongside relations that she's never seen. It's a big jump in the dark you're asking of her, Mr. Laird."

He nodded slowly. "Do you think she ought to pay a visit to us first, in Hazel?" he asked. "My folks would like that."

She nodded. "Aye. I was thinking the same thing. I was thinking perhaps if she went back with you and stayed three months or so, and then for you to be married in Hazel." She looked up at him, smiling. "Maybe I'd come over for the wedding, an' see America myself."

"I'd like to talk it over with Molly, Mrs. Regan."

"Aye, ye can do that. An' I'll talk to her, too. She can go with ye to America and stay as long as she likes, but she leaves here as a free girl, Mr. Laird—free to come home any day she likes, and no promise broken, and no harm done to anybody. . . ."

Pat Regan arrived back from Mannahill in time for tea; Mr. Rogerson had returned at midday in a plane chartered from Carnarvon.

"What happened to the jackaroo, Daddy?" Molly asked. "Is he going to be all right?"

"Aye, he's doing fine. He sent a message to you, to thank you for finding him."

"What's happened to him now?"

"The doctor's after taking him to hospital, in the aeroplane."

"Will he be coming back to Mannahill?"

"He will not. He wants to go home to England."

Mrs. Regan said placidly, "Aye, there's some that's fit for working in the Lunatic, and many more that's not." She turned to her husband. "Mr. Laird here has been asking for Molly."

"May the saints preserve us! Would he be after wanting to wed her?"

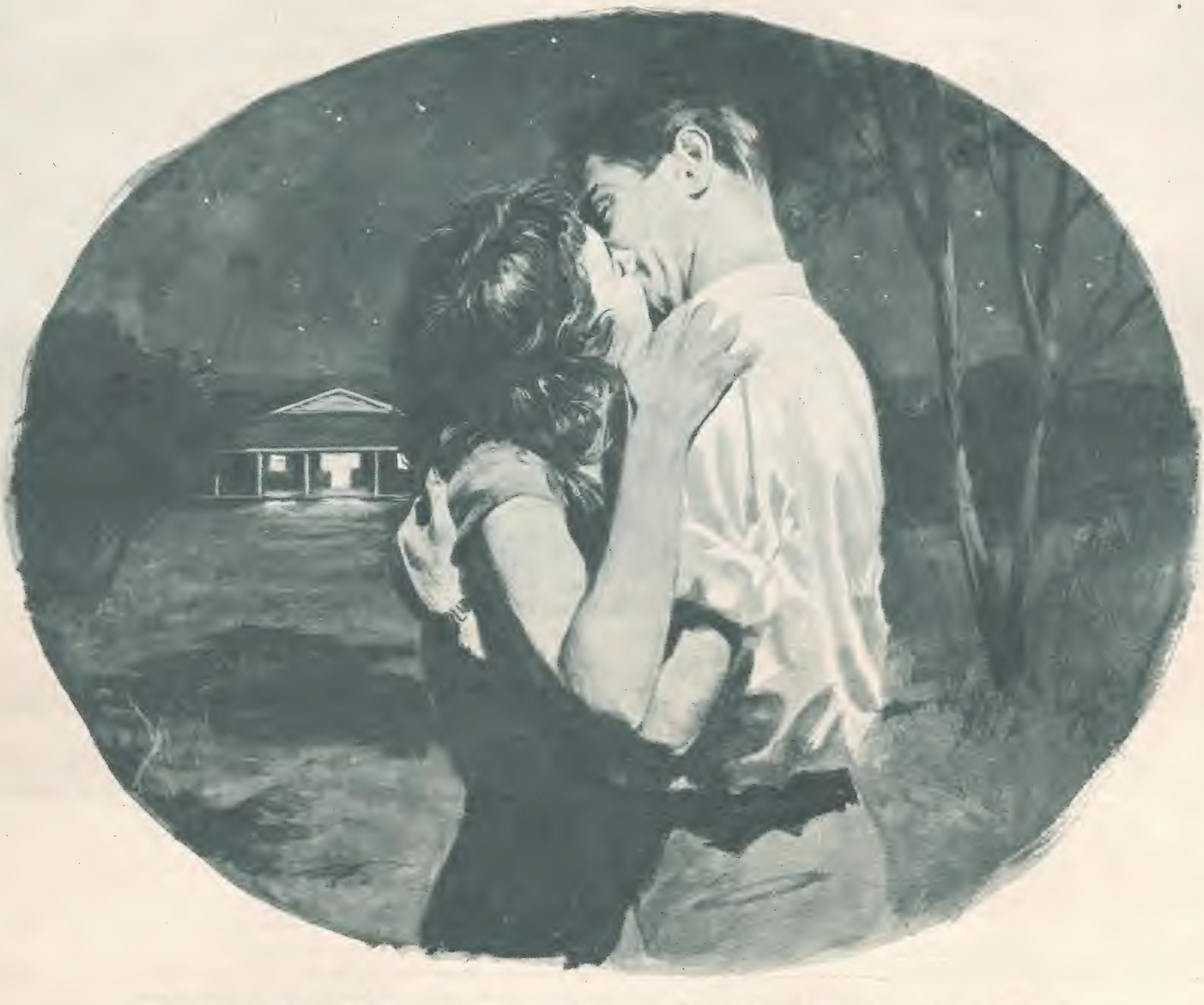
"I guess that's right, Mr. Regan," said the geologist. "That's the way it is."

The grazier stared at him. "Well now," he said affably, "isn't that a great wonder, that the like of you would want to wed a girl like her! Was it in the dark night ye asked her now, and the two of you sitting by the wood fire under the bright stars, waiting while I came to find ye in the truck?"

Molly laughed. "That's right, Daddy."

"Sure, and I had my suspicions," her father said, "and you with all the starlight in your eyes. Go and get the bottle, girl." He turned

Continued on page 29



"We're foreigners for all that we speak the same language," she said. For answer, he took her in his arms

Showman with the five-star touch

by KEITH ELLIS

At Torquay's luxury hotel Michael Chapman has greeted guests with a baby elephant—and a flying saucer

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The Riviera atmosphere is captured by the Imperial Hotel's dining-room. Guests pay £12 a day for a suite for two, with meals

MICHAEL CHAPMAN nervously fingered his glass. The grand opening of the Imperial Hotel's air-conditioned dining-room was almost over. He had given the new room an ultramarine ceiling, crimson carpets, garishly painted pillars and a whole side of outward-sloping windows. As managing director of Torquay's luxurious European-class hotel, he had packed it with travel agents, pressmen, local worthies and distinguished clients.

So far, everything had gone well. Jean Kent had pronounced the room formally open. The guests had dutifully admired the sea view which, unknown to them, Chapman had improved with six gaily lit pleasure-boats he had hired to ply to and fro in front of the hotel. They had gasped when the lights dimmed and a curtain of golden rain poured past the windows from a row of fireworks set off on the roof. But the most flattering touch was yet to come.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed again. The hum of conversation stopped in expectation. Spotlights revealed two donkeys led by little girls dressed as lavender sellers. From the bulging panniers, they distributed to each woman guest a small bottle of perfume and to each man a miniature bottle of liqueur. To his relief, Chapman then saw that they were presenting specially selected guests with little bundles of book matches.

The guests' cries of delight did not surprise him. At the cocktail party before dinner, a photographer had taken their pictures. While they were eating, he had developed the films and printed them on narrow strips of sensitized paper. Chapman's staff had then stapled them to books of matches from which they had torn the original backs. The lucky guests were now admiring their own photographs on a dozen books of matches.

Slim and boyish, forty-five year old Chapman is known for his showmanship throughout Britain's hotel business. In fifteen years of aggressive management, he claims to have made the Imperial the gayest and most intimate of the nine provincial five-star hotels. It is also a highly profitable investment for the proprietors. "The Imperial is a showpiece," says one hotel expert. "But unlike most showpieces, it bears practical examination."

In pursuit of his maxim that "every hotel needs publicity," Chapman has greeted guests with mounted huntsmen accompanied by hounds and, once, with a live baby elephant. To celebrate the El Alamein victory, he released thirty-six doves in his ballroom.

"I borrowed them from a friend who then owned Paignton Zoo," he says. "He was annoyed when he found I'd dyed twelve of them red and another twelve blue."

One New Year's Eve he blacked out the ballroom at exactly midnight. A three-foot flying saucer emitting an eerie green light appeared over the doorway and glided over the dancers' heads on invisible wires. With a flash and a loud explosion, it disintegrated beside the band. The lights went up. On the piano, behind which he had been hiding, stood Chapman's eight-year-old son Richard in a space-suit. "Happy New Year," he called.

A grey stone building, the hotel stands in five and a half acres of grounds on a shelving cliff overlooking Torbay. The site so obviously resembles the French Riviera that Chapman advertises the Imperial as "the English hotel in the Mediterranean manner."

Although its 120 rooms—a hundred of them with private bath—accommodate only 175 guests, the hotel provides throughout the year a nightly dance, a Sunday cinema show, squash, billiards, tennis, miniature golf and a twenty-four hour room service. It also has a private

Chapman sits (centre) with some of his guests. As managing director he has the knack of making each one feel important

At the luncheon buffet the head waiter and chef are watched by Chapman. The staff know him as a strict disciplinarian

beach. Its staff, which varies between 165 and 130 according to the season, includes a tennis pro., a dance host and three valets.

Far from leaning on these attractions and Torquay's mild climate, Chapman continuously stimulates bookings by writing to former clients who have not recently visited the hotel. Every year he sends out three thousand Christmas cards and gives away hundreds of plastic calendars, gilt match-box cases and small packets of cigarettes—all bearing the name of the hotel. One spring, he posted to carefully chosen prospects bunches of Devon flowers. "Quite a few of the recipients made bookings," says Rene Butcher, his personal private secretary.

Chapman's keenness pays. From April to October and at Christmas, New Year and Easter, the hotel is booked solid. Except for a few weeks in December and January, it is about half full for the rest of the year.

Unless they create a disturbance or pay a bill with a dud cheque, guests are likely to remember Chapman as an agreeable and sympathetic host in clothes a degree less formal than those normally worn by a high-class hotelier. They will probably not notice the limp which comes from an arthritic hip and kept him out of the army.

"Sometimes," says Mrs. Norah Dickson, the indefatigable bridge and social hostess, "I've seen him come into a room looking terribly ill. But in a few minutes, he's got everybody in a party mood."

The staff know him as a strict disciplinarian. Below stairs, they call him "father." Mrs. Jo Tree, the buyer, says: "Mr. Chapman insists on buying the best. But he doesn't like paying for it." Sylvia Smith, the head receptionist, complains that in a full house he will promise a guest a change of room and leave her to make the arrangements.

"But he never worries. One Monday, I found I had overbooked by five double rooms for the following Friday. When I told him, he said everything would work out. During the week I had cancellations and by Friday I had one double room spare."

In emergencies, Chapman has waited at banquets. When the hotel has been accidentally overbooked, he has had guests sleeping in his own seven-roomed house in the grounds, where he lives with his wife and four children.

Every year, he plays a leading part in the ballet or pantomime with which the staff entertain the Christmas guests. Last year, he was worried that guests might accidentally see the dress rehearsal. Characteristically, he called it from midnight to 2 a.m.

LOVE—1

'Tis impossible to love and to be wise.

Francis Bacon

His regular day starts at eight thirty when he attends to his mail. At nine, he holds a conference of departmental heads. With short breaks for meals, he spends the rest of the day chasing staff, humouring guests and receiving business visitors.

On at least four nights a week he stays in the hotel until 10 p.m. or midnight. He also works on Sunday mornings. "In the afternoon," he says, "I come in only to sign letters." He takes a three-weeks' holiday in autumn and a long weekend in spring.

The most highly regarded clients enjoy the best possible standard of personal service. Chapman will meet them on arrival and put flowers in their rooms. When they enter the dining-room, head waiter Stanley Ardiss will show them to a window table and chef William True will remember from their previous visit whether they like their steaks medium or rare. In the ballroom, bandleader Billy Munn will strike up their favourite tune. "Chapman," says his staff manager, Walter Vickers, "has the art of making every guest feel that he has been waiting purely and simply for him alone."

Princess Marie Louise once asked for roast pheasant on the day that pheasant shooting started. Mrs. Jo Tree arranged for birds shot in the early morning to be flown down to London from Scotland and expressed to Torquay by passenger train. "They arrived just in time for dinner," says Mrs. Tree.

Surprisingly, many clients are not satisfied with this treatment. Every year, between thirty and forty dozen coat-hangers vanish from the wardrobes. The annual loss of table napkins is approximately the same and that of teaspoons up to sixty dozen.

Recently, Chapman bought a gross of hussifs prettily embroidered with the hotel name. The housekeeper put one in each room for the use of women who had to make running repairs. "Within five days," says Vickers, "guests took three dozen. One woman actually wrote to ask if we would send her a different shade of cotton."

BEHIND the apparent extravagance of the Imperial's service is a split-farthing costing system. Chapman knows exactly how he makes his money and how he spends it. With cocktails and table wine as socially necessary as evening dress, liquor is by far the biggest profit spinner. In December, every man, woman and child staying at the hotel spends an average of thirty shillings a day on drink. In July, when there are more children, the average drops to 17s. 6d.

The minimum profit margin on any drink is a hundred per cent. Chapman considers the liquor figures so important that he personally checks the returns each week. "If sales are falling," he says, "I give the wine-waiters a pep talk."

Although he encourages Americans in the national interest, they are less profitable than other guests. "They don't drink as much as Englishmen."

The son of the general manager and housekeeper superintendent of the Savoy, Henry Michael Chapman spent two years in Austria as a commis waiter, two years in the kitchens and cellars of Paris hotels and nine years in the administrative departments of the Savoy group in London. He then managed a number of hotels in Scotland.

When Chapman took over the Imperial in 1940 it had brass bedsteads, white counterpanes and Victorian drapes. Chapman set about bringing the hotel into line with modern needs. One of his first actions was to turn the stables into a staff club, run by a committee of the staff.

To encourage staff to stay, he introduced a scheme whereby bar profits were divided among members, partly in proportion to the amount they put into national savings, partly on the basis of what they spent at the bar.

Other improvements followed. He placed radio extensions in the bedrooms. "They're homely. And they also stop guests bringing their own. We can control the volume of the extensions."

Throughout its history, the Imperial has been the resort of the famous. Shortly after it was opened, in 1865, Charles Dickens stayed there when he was visiting Torquay to give a reading from his works. Thirty years later, Lily Langtry was a guest. Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, rowed ashore from his yacht to visit her, entering the hotel grounds by what are now known as the Prince of Wales's steps. Today, the chance visitor may well find himself dining next to Sir Gordon Richards, Harry Secombe or the Princess Royal.

Aware of the drawing power of celebrities, Chapman ensures a steady supply. Recently he noticed that Len Hutton had announced in a Sunday newspaper that, after the West Indies, the place to which he would most like to return was Torquay. Chapman immediately offered him favourable terms if he would stay at the Imperial. Hutton accepted. "Mr. Chapman," says Rene Butcher, "has a knack of exploiting a situation." THE END

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Time is the Art of the Swiss

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

DON'T WORRY
IT MAY
NEVER HAPPEN
E. BEARD

Beyond the black stump

Continued from page 26

to the other. "This is the one time ye'll take a drink, Mr. Laird, even if it lays ye flat."

Stanton Laird compromised. "It'll have to be a very small one, Mr. Regan."

"Aye." The grazier winked at his prospective son-in-law. "Just a quarter of the bottle!"

Stanton escaped with two fingers of rum drowned in a tumbler of water, and found it not unpleasant. He discovered that the new relationship occasioned no particular surprise; at Laragh Station with its many children, marrying and giving in marriage, whether formally or informally, was an everyday matter.

He commented on it later that evening, as he walked arm in arm with Molly beneath the stars in the direction of the woolshed. "You know somethin', honey?" he said. "It's quite different here from how things are at home. Back home you'd be getting up an engagement party."

She pressed a little closer to him. "We're foreigners, of course, Stan, for all that we speak the same language. We'll have to work quite hard to get to understand each other."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her.

"I wouldn't say that's going to be difficult," he said. And presently, when they were walking on again, he said, "I've been wondering about one thing, honey."

"What's that, Stan?"

"It's about your mother, when she was married to your Uncle Tom, and then she was married to your father. Didn't that make things kind of difficult when they all went on together, living under the same roof? Back in Oregon it wouldn't hardly be possible."

"I wasn't born, of course," she said slowly. "I can see it might seem funny to you, but it worked out all right. We were all a very happy family, I think."

"And there wasn't any trouble? Back home the two men would have been out gunning for each other."

SHE shook her head. "I'm sure there wasn't anything like that. For one thing," she said thoughtfully, "there was General O'Brian's Mauser pistol. Hasn't Uncle Tom shown it to you?"

He shook his head, puzzled at the change of subject. "Not yet, honey."

"Oh well, he will," she said. "He's awfully proud of it. And it really is a sort of holy relic. I'll ask Uncle Tom to tell you the story."

"What story, hon?"

"Uncle Tom or Daddy can tell you better than I can. But it was General Shamus O'Brian's own Mauser that he carried at the start of the Troubles, in Easter Week, 1916. He was a terribly fine man, they say, and Uncle Tom and Daddy were with him when he was killed."

"Killed, honey?"

She nodded. "On the top of Jacobs' biscuit factory. The English worked round behind them somehow and opened up on them with a machine gun from the rear. Daddy and Uncle Tom weren't hit because they were behind a chimney or something, but the general was hit and several of the others.

"Daddy and Uncle Tom got the general down with them behind the chimney, but he died in a few minutes. Before he died, he gave his Mauser pistol to Daddy and told him to go on fighting the damned English. Daddy carried it all through the Troubles and cut a little notch on the stock for every man he killed, in memory of Shamus O'Brian. Fourteen of them. But you must get him to tell you himself."

Stanton wrinkled up his brows. "But what's all that go to do with your mother, though?"

"Uncle Tom always wanted the Mauser," she explained. "So when Ma changed over, Daddy gave it to him."

He stopped dead in his tracks. "You don't mean that your uncle swapped your mother for an old pistol?"

She laughed. "I wouldn't put it quite like that myself, Stan. But the Mauser means an awful lot to them."

"I guess it would do," he said.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes, the geologist thinking very deeply. It wasn't the sort of story about his mother-in-law that he'd like to have talked about back home in Oregon. . . .

DAVID COPE, at Lucinda Station, heard the news from Ted, the oil camp cook, next day. Ted had fallen into the habit of visiting the young Englishman once or twice a week, to return a book and to borrow another one, as well as for a change from the oil rig.

Ted was now David's only contact with the Americans. Lucinda was by now in a bad way for lack of rain. For the first time in David's tenure of Lucinda Station, the summer rains had failed. Lucinda was in the grip of a drought, a drought that had hardly affected Laragh with its rather better rainfall and its many bores.

David was now carrying water by truck to his sheep. He had about four thousand, diminishing in number every day because the deaths were mounting rapidly.

He had plenty of fuel and tyres for the truck, and Jackie, his half-caste overseer, was a good driver; they shared the work between them, making a total of sixteen journeys every day out to the sheep. So far as possible they avoided the hottest part of the day because there are limits to human endurance, and because the evaporation from the troughs was greatest then.

Ted knew the routine, and timed his visit for about half past four in the afternoon, when David would have finished sleeping and would be preparing for work. He drove up in the oil rig jeep, and David left his meal and came out to meet him.

"Hi-yah, fellow!" said the cook. "I just stopped by to see if you were still alive."

The Englishman grinned. "Just

overheard in the changing rooms

"You prefer zips, I see."

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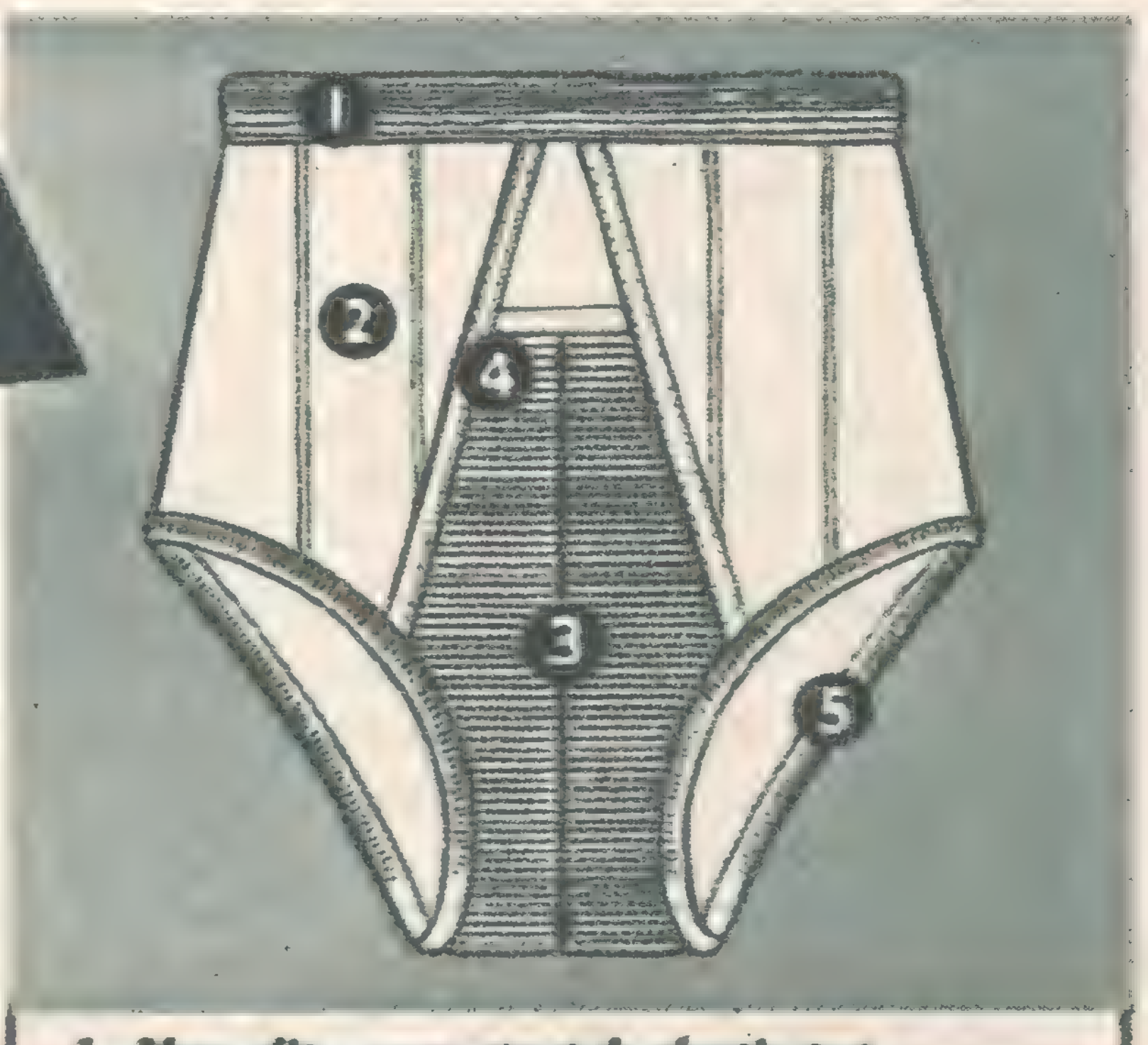

Specially designed for cyclists and athletes, the new GORDON BRIEF now brings to *all* men the day-long comfort of healthy support. Only the Gordon Brief has the Patent Ribbed Suspension Front. This provides for "natural stretch"—a basic comfort essential to every active man—ensures a healthy, trim figure and maintains that youthful vigour.

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2. *Special Ribbed Cotton fabric—for ease and comfort.*
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about," he said. "I don't suppose I'll be next week, if this goes on."

The American got out of his jeep. "Any sign of it letting up?"

David shook his head. "Not a hope. June the tenth—that's the first date we can expect rain. Nine weeks to go!"

"How're the stock holding out?"

"Lost about three hundred last week."

The American wagged his head. "I guess you won't have many left by June the tenth."

"I know," said David. "We'll be back to where we started. It's a pity, because we'd been doing pretty well and I was planning that we'd sink another bore or two. But now we'll have to wait a bit for that."

The other wagged his head in sympathy. "That's kind of tough."

They turned to the house. "Come on in, and have a drink. I've got some whisky."

"You have? Oh brother!" Ted said. "Mind if I take another book?"

"Go ahead and take your pick."

Ted went through into the bedroom, glanced at the framed portrait photograph of Molly that still stood upon the chest of drawers, and stood looking absently at the row of book titles. He stood there so long in thought that David came in to look for him.

The American said, "She your girl?"

David shook his head. "She doesn't think so."

"Uh-huh. You heard the news?"

"What news?"

"I don't know if it's true, brother. But they're saying at the rig she's going to marry Stan Laird."

David nodded slowly. "It's probably true enough."

He had been expecting nothing else, but when the news finally came it was painful just the same, because it meant the end of hope. He said mechanically, "I suppose I'd better take that down." He reached for the portrait.

Ted said, "I wouldn't do that yet, fellow. Not until she's married."

"Do you know when that'll be?"

"He's going to the States in June. I guess it might be then."

"He's going whether there's any oil here or not?"

"There's no oil here. This is a dry hole, a busted flush."

David said heavily, "Well, Stan Laird's a good sort of chap." He turned back to the living-room, and poured out the whisky.

Two days later David went over to Laragh in his jeep to fetch the mail. He was expecting nothing special, but he took time off to go because he wanted to hear for himself that Molly was engaged, to kill the nattering of hope that lingered on from Ted's information.

Molly saw his jeep coming in the distance and went out to meet him. She was troubled and uneasy about David, the more so for the reports of his drought troubles that had drifted into Laragh. She was hating herself for what she had to tell him, at this time.

He parked behind the big diesel semi-trailer so that they were screened by it from the veranda and could talk for a few minutes in some privacy. She was shocked by the change in his appearance since she had seen him last.

"Morning, David," she said awkwardly.

He smiled, a little wryly. "Morning," he said. "I hear I've got to congratulate you."

She nodded, relieved that she had not had to tell him. "That's right. I came out to tell you, David."

"When's it to be?"

"Not for some time," she said. "Ma's being a bit awkward."

His interest was aroused. "Why? Doesn't she like him?"

"Of course she does," she replied, a little annoyed. "Everyone likes him. It's not that. But she thinks I ought to meet his people in America before we even announce our engagement. So we're not engaged, but we're going to be married. That's how it is."

"Well," he said, "that puts it on a par with everything else in the Lunatic, anyway."

She glanced at him, and laughed a little uncertainly. "You *are* a fool," she said. "David, you're looking like death. Are things bad at Lucinda?"

"They're not good," he said. "We'll probably get about half of the sheep through to the rains. Just enough to keep from going broke, and to encourage us to go on till it happens again."

She nodded, because this was what she had expected from the gossip of the station. "Come on over and have a drink," she said.

Most of the Laragh party was on the veranda examining the mail. Mr. Pat Regan turned to greet him. "God bless ye, Mr. Cope," he said. "Will ye take a drop of rum?"

"I'd rather have a whisky if you've got any, Mr. Regan," said David. . . .

When David finally got unsteadily to his feet, there was the best part of half a bottle of whisky inside him. "I must be going on," he said.

He tripped down the steps of the veranda, miraculously stable, and found his way to his jeep. The engine roared into life, and he drove off erratically on the track that led up to the oil rig and Lucinda.

"Yon laddie's got his skinful," Mrs. Regan observed quietly.

Molly flushed.

"I've never seen him like that before," she said.

"Ye've never seen him facing ruin before," her mother retorted. "From what they tell me there'll not be a sheep alive upon Lucinda come the rains."

Pat Regan said, "Sure, and the drink will do him good. He'll be the better now with a drop taken."

His wife said, "Ye should help him, Pat."

"In the name of the Almighty God!" declared the old man crossly. "What for would I be after helping him, and he the son of a dastardly murdering Englishman that fought against Ireland in the Black and Tans?"

"Please yeself," his wife said, "but I think ye ought to help him."

The old man stumped off angrily down the veranda.

That afternoon Pat Regan was down at his stockyard when Molly came to him.

"Dad, it's about David Cope," she said. "Could we do anything to help him, do you think?"

"Well, glory be to God!" her father said. "Why would we be after helping him against a normal sort of summer drought, girl? If we help him this time he'll be coming to us and expecting help every third year when the rain comes short."

"I know, Dad," the girl said. "I would like to help him this time, though." She hesitated. "You see, I had to be rather unkind to him. It's not the time to be unkind to anyone when all his sheep are dying off like flies."

"Was he wanting to wed you?"

"That's right," she said. "I had to tell him I was marrying Stan Laird."

"The blessed saints preserve us! Is that a reason why we'd take four thousand sheep upon the property, and they so starved they'd eat as much as bullocks?"

"It is, if we can do it," she said stubbornly.

Her father grumbled, "Ye'll be bringing bankrupt ruin on the lot of us."

Three days later he drove out to Lucinda in the jeep alone. It was evening when he got to the homestead and David had already left wearily for the unending job of moving sheep and troughs on to fresh ground, in the stench of rotting corpses. Pat Regan got directions from one of the gins, and drove on.

He came to the men working just before sunset. David left the trough that he was loading in the truck and went across to him. He was already exhausted, and with the night's work before him.

The old man sat at the steering wheel of his jeep.

"God save ye, Mr. Cope!" he said. "Ye'll be after having strife, I'm thinking."

David flushed. He hated to have a neighbour on his land to see his sheep, his business in this state. "We'll be all right," he said defensively.

"We'd all be right and have great times if we'd no sheep," Mr. Regan said. "Would it help ye now, to put them over on to Laragh on agistment for a while? There's feed around our Number Fourteen bore at the top end would hold them till the rains."

David stared at him, incredulous. "I don't know what to say, Mr. Regan. It's a very kind offer, and I'd like to take you up on it at once."

"Ah, be easy! Ye've the women folk to thank, and they tormenting me each day till I'm destroyed entirely. Ye'd better pick a mob out of the strongest and start moving them over to my Number Two tonight."

"I don't know what to say," David repeated. "I don't know why you should do this for me."

"Sure, I don't either," said the grazier affably. "It's crazy that I must be getting in my later years, and you the son of a black-hearted, murdering Englishman that fought old Ireland in the Troubles."

David laughed. "Crazy or not, it's very kind of you. Tell me, what shall I owe you for the agistment, Mr. Regan?"

"It's hard to set a figure on it," said the grazier, "and the women will be tormenting me again over the

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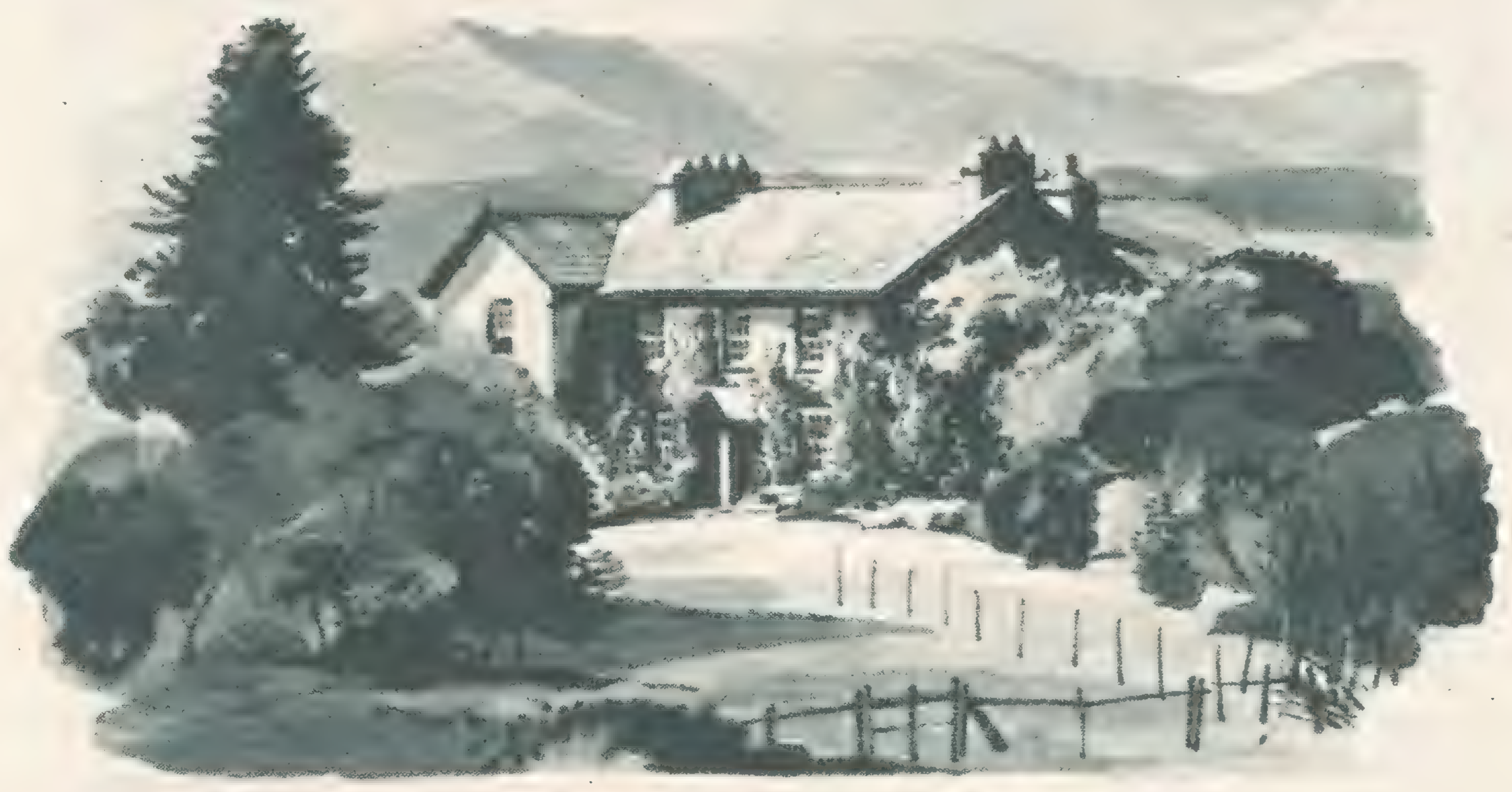
OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



Beatrix Potter escaped from a stuffy home into the dream kingdom of Hill Top Farm

About the middle of Queen Victoria's reign a girl was brought up very strictly in a large, stuffy house in South Kensington. The one bright diversion in her drab year was a summer holiday. In the Lake District she revelled in comparative freedom, wandering among the woods, boating, painting, and learning about trees, flowers and animals.

Soon she announced that she wished to be a farmer. The suggestion was greeted with horror and alarm. So the girl—Beatrix Potter—decided that she would create a world of her own which could shock nobody, for nobody need share it with her who didn't want to. She wrote a book and called it *The Tale Of Peter Rabbit*.

With the royalties from *Peter Rabbit* Beatrix Potter bought Hill Top Farm in the remote Lakeland village of Sawrey, between Esthwaite Water and Windermere, and made it the capital of a private kingdom peopled with characters which have delighted millions of children and indeed of adults.

The house still looks as it did when Beatrix Potter painted it and wrote her books. There is a faithful drawing of it in *Pigling Bland*, with Pigling walking up the garden path behind the policeman. In *Tom Kitten* and *Samuel Whiskers* there are indoor and garden scenes.

The landscape where Jemima Puddleduck, wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet, hurried away to look for a secret nesting place is to be seen on passing through the gate at the bottom of the farmyard.

The garden wall on which Tom Kitten played and the staircase up which Samuel Whiskers pushed the rolling pin and where Tabitha Twitchit mewed for Tom are unchanged.

The oak dresser past which Moppet saw the old woman rat run with her plate of dough still stands in exactly the same place, with the same chair between it and the open door.

Most of Beatrix Potter's original drawings are preserved at Hill Top. So too are a great many things that belonged to her animal-people, such as Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle's tub and the actual doll's house food which was stolen by Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca.

How to get there: Hill Top is in the village of Near Sawrey, two miles from Hawkshead. Nearest station: Windermere (M.R.). *Open:* Easter to the end of September: weekdays, 10.30 till 6; Sundays, 2 till 6.

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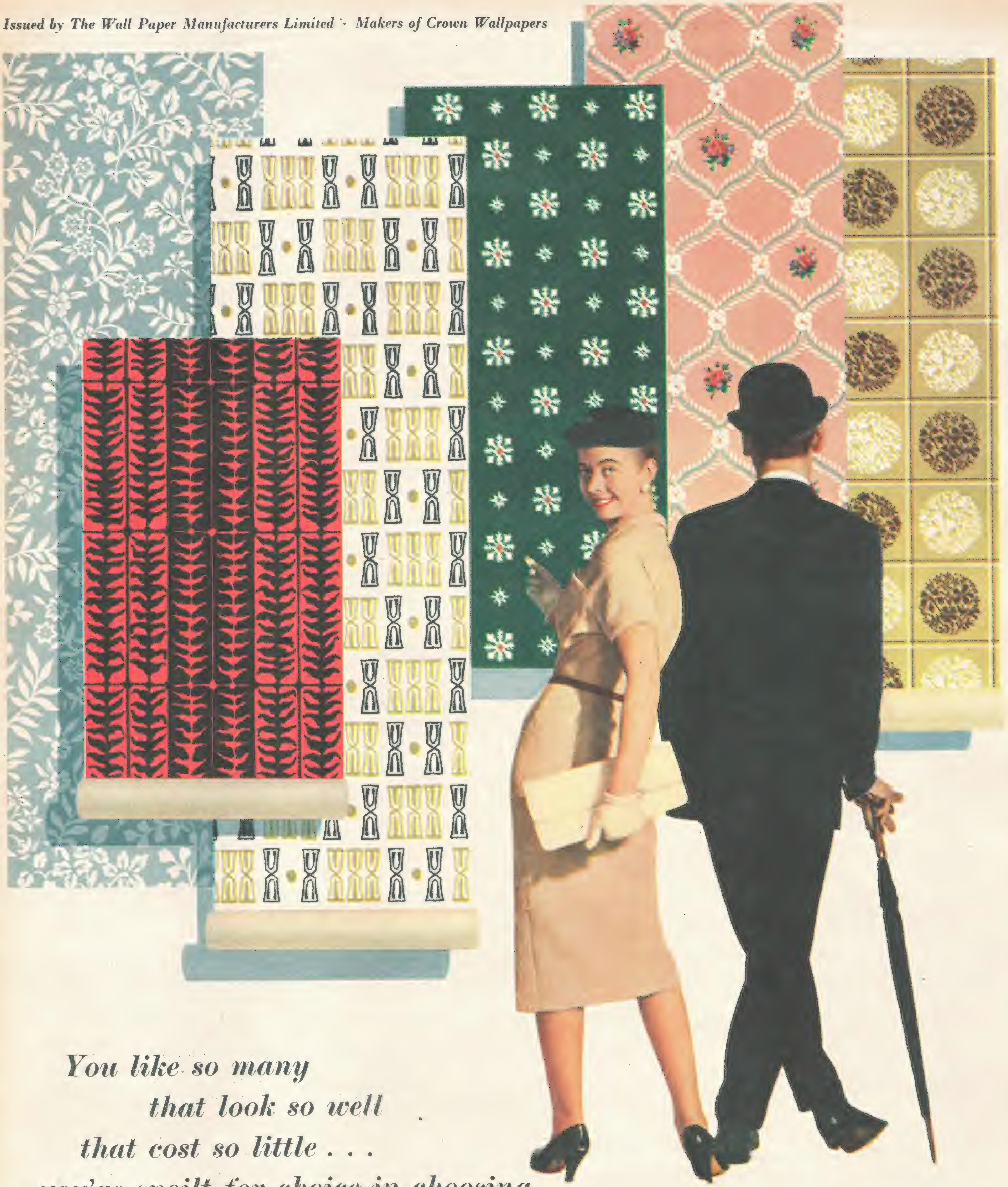

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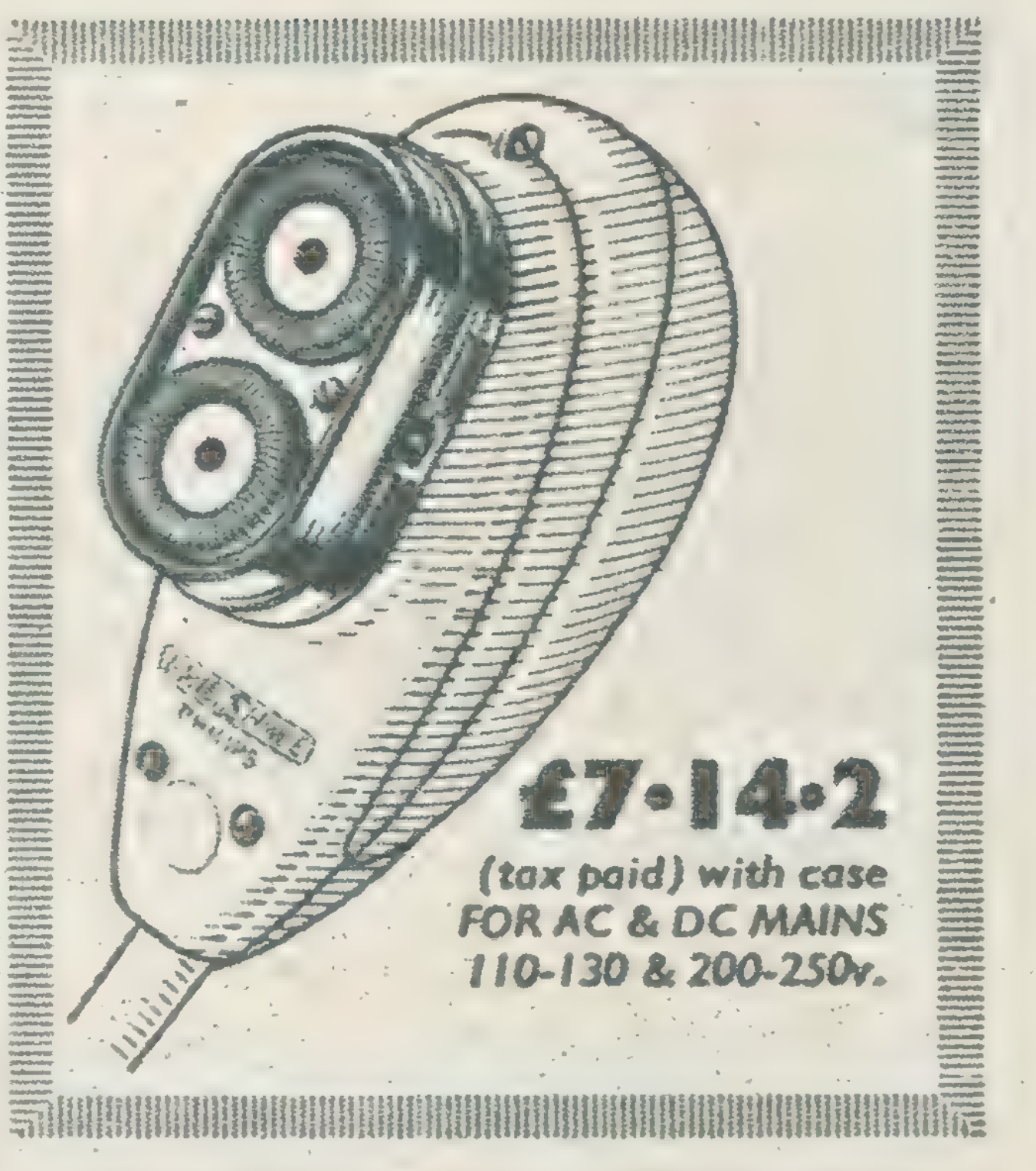

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money. Let you give me a case of rum, and leave the rest be. . . .”

By the end of May the oil drillers had reached a depth of about nine thousand feet, the last two thousand of which had been through shale impregnated with oil traces. They had brought no oil to the surface, however, and now it did not look as though they would do so.

Stanton Laird went down to Perth for a conference at the oil company office there. It was decided to abandon the venture at this point; and Stanton put in his resignation.

He got back to the oil rig three or four days later, and then got into the jeep and went over to Laragh.

He found Mrs. Regan and Molly together on the veranda shelling peas; the mother made some excuse and went off to the kitchen, leaving them together. He kissed Molly and then said: “Well, honey, it’s all over at the rig.”

“All over? Oh, Stan!”

There would never be a town here in the Lunatic. The shops, the churches, and the cinemas, the hairdressers and the cafés and the bitumen paved roads were all to remain mere dreams, mere disappointed hopes that might have been.

He knew her well enough by that time to feel her disappointment.

“It’s too bad, hon,” he said quietly. “I know just how you feel. But you’re the only one who’s going to miss it, really. And you won’t be here. You’ll be back in the States, with me.”

A week later Molly and Mrs. Regan travelled down to Perth together. They stayed there for a week, getting a passport for Molly, getting an American visa, and buying clothes and luggage. They left Perth in a rainstorm to return to Laragh about the middle of June.

LOVE—2

A woman despises a man for loving her, unless she happens to return his love.

Elizabeth Stoddard

It had been raining at Onslow and throughout the country in their absence. Already in the hot and humid conditions spears of bright green grass were showing, covering the damp red earth with a thin film of green. Molly knew it all, but each year it came as a fresh surprise.

“The feed’s coming again,” she said. “I wonder if David’s got it like this on Lucinda yet?”

“It’s a dry country, that,” her mother said. “But there should be feed there before long. He’ll be taking his sheep back on to his own place then.”

“I’m glad Daddy did that for him,” the girl said. “I’d have felt awful, going away, if we hadn’t.”

“It’s a poor, starved place, Lucinda,” said her mother. “A good laddie on a poor station! I doubt he’ll stay long, after this experience.”

After that the days passed very quickly for Molly. Sorting clothes, mending, packing, weighing luggage, unpacking, packing again, consulting Stan Laird; these things filled every minute of her day. In the middle of all this David Cope took his sheep back on to his own property, where new feed was now beginning to appear and came over next day to thank Pat Regan for the help.

“Be easy,” said the grazier, “and don’t think on it! I mind the days when we first come here or soon after that, in 1929 maybe; we started off with eleven thousand sheep before the dry, and finished with three thousand and they not worth a shilling each. It’s all part of it, as Tom says, but sure it comes good if ye keep on at it.”

David Cope went thoughtfully to the homestead. Molly was busy ironing dresses, for she was to leave in three days’ time, but she came out to him on the veranda.

“I just looked in to thank your father for the agistment, and to say goodbye,” he said a little awkwardly.

“That’s very sweet of you, David,” she said. “Got all your mob back on Lucinda now?”

He nodded. “That’s right. I’d have been sunk but for your father’s help. As it is, we’ve only lost about a thousand.”

“I’m so glad,” she said.

He said a little wryly: “Your father told me he only did it because you and your mother kept on plaguing him.”

She flushed a little. “Nonsense!” she said. “He’d have done it anyway. He just uses that as an excuse.”

He smiled. “Anyway, I’m very grateful to whoever thought of it,” he said. There was a little pause. “You’re going away this week?”

She nodded. “On Friday.”

There was nothing more to say, really. “Well, the very best of luck,” he said. “I don’t suppose we’ll ever see each other again.”

“Oh yes, we shall,” she said. “You know, I’m beginning to hate the thought of leaving the Lunatic for ever. It’s going to be marvellous in America, but I shall want to come back here for a visit every five years. When I come back you’ll be on your feet, I expect. No more agistments.”

He smiled. “Maybe.” And then he said, “I brought you over a book as a wedding present. I’ve got it in the jeep.”

“Oh, David, how kind of you! What is it?”

“I’ll go and get it.” He went out to the jeep and fetched the parcel, and returned and put it in her hands. “That’s for you both,” he said, “with the best of luck.”

She tore the paper off. “*A Shropshire Lad,*” she read. She opened it. “It’s all poems, is it?”

He nodded. “I like it quite a lot.”

She turned to the flyleaf, and saw that he had written, “For Molly and Stanton, with every good wish from David Cope.”

She fingered it appreciatively. “Stan will love this. You know, this is our first wedding present, our very first.”

He smiled. “Fine! Well, I’ll have to be getting along, Molly. There’s quite a bit to do over at Lucinda now we’ve got the mob back.” He hesitated, and held out his hand. “Goodbye, Molly.”

She took it, a little sadly. “Goodbye, David. Will you write now and then and let me know how things are going in the Lunatic? Nobody here except Ma ever writes a letter if they can help it.”

“I might,” he said. He dropped her hand. “Well, I must be going on.”

He turned to the jeep, got in, and drove off. She turned back to her ironing, depressed. With all America before her, it was absurd to feel so badly about leaving the Lunatic.

When it was time for her to leave it was a relief to her. In the last three days she was plagued with regrets, irrational regrets at leaving the arid, unsatisfactory, and uncivilized place that was her home. Her mother sensed her trouble but only on the last evening did she let fall a word or two in her dry manner.

“Now mind what I say, Molly,” she said to her daughter. “Ye’re not to go marrying in America without ye let us know in good time to come over for the wedding. If ye get wed, ye get wed in a decent fashion with your mother in the church, for all you’ve been brought up on Laragh Station.”

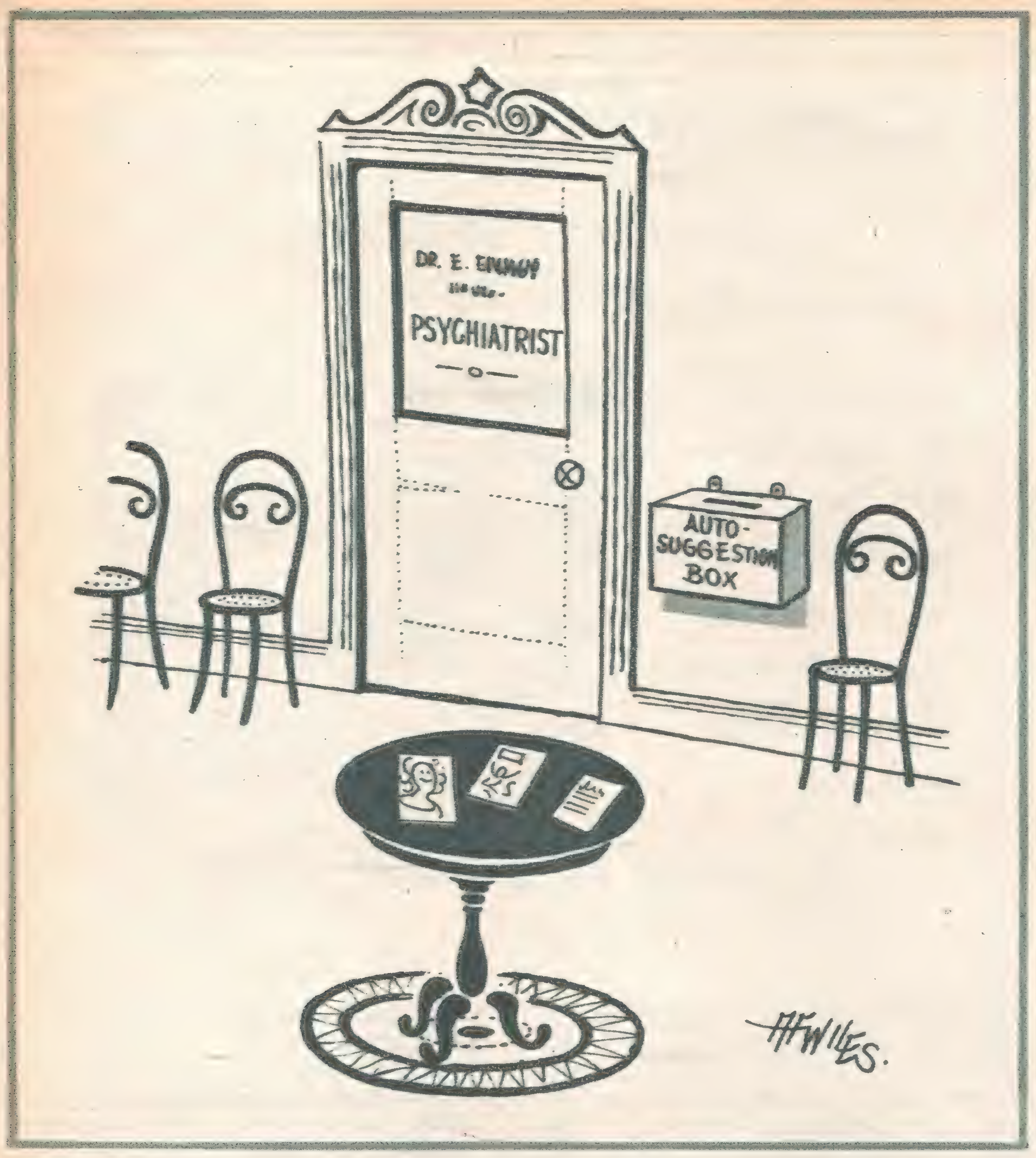
Molly left next morning. Stanton Laird came to fetch her in the oil rig jeep, the only vehicle that could be depended on to negotiate the morass of the roads down to the coast.

They flew down together from Onslow to Perth two days later and left for Sydney on the Monday evening.

It was the first long flight that Molly had ever made and she was thrilled by the experience. Already the Lunatic seemed far behind her, and America very close at hand.

“We’re really off, now, Stan,” she said.

“That’s right,” he replied. “We’re



on our way. Happy about it, hon?"

She nodded emphatically. "It's going to be wonderful," she said. She looked around her. "It's so comfortable." She fingered the ashtray at her side, the airline folders on her lap.

They travelled for nearly a week before they came to Portland, Oregon. It was in the evening, towards sunset, that they crossed the coast, swept round over a great river and landed on the airport of Portland.

As they walked over to the enclosure, Stanton said: "Say, honey—there's Mom and Dad, come to meet us!"

She looked where he was pointing, and saw a stout man in a grey suit lift a hand to them in salutation, and a grey-haired woman who must be his mother, waving.

As they passed through the gate, Stanton said, "Hi-yah, Mom!" and kissed his mother.

She said: "Oh, Junior, it's good to have you back!"

He turned to the girl. "Mom, I want you to meet Molly Regan."

His mother caught one of Molly's hands affectionately. "Well now," she said, "isn't this just lovely?"

They drove from the airport to the Congress Hotel in the family Mercury, and as they got into it Mrs. Laird presented Molly with a jacket of tartan wool, very cosy and comforting.

"It's such a hot place that you've come from dear," she said. "Slip it on now, so you don't catch cold."

The girl slipped it on over her light summer frock. "It's terribly kind of you, Mrs. Laird," she said. "It really is a lovely thing." She wrapped it round her appreciatively. "It *is* quite a bit colder here than it was this morning."

Mrs. Laird said, "I think it suits you. You've got such pretty lights in your hair. Now you get right in here in the back with me, dear, and let Stan drive in front with his father, and you tell me all about your trip. My, haven't you come a long way!"

In the hotel Stanton's mother took the girl up to her room. By the easy chair, on the floor, stood a pair of new suède sheepskin-lined boots. "Just try them for size, dear. We got quite a way to drive tomorrow, and my feet always get real cold driving, even with the heat on."

Impulsively the girl kissed the older woman on the cheek. "You're so kind," she said. "I don't know what to say."

They dined in the hotel, in a room that delighted the girl with its decoration. She did not talk much, content to stay quiet and listen to Stanton's conversation with his parents, to study the new style of eating with a fork alone, the novel order of foods, the novel foods themselves.

Once Mrs. Laird said, "It was so dreadful about Chuck, Jun. I just hated to have to write and tell you about it."

Stanton nodded. "Just one of those things, I guess," he said heavily. "Too bad it had to happen. Where's Ruth now? She back home?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Laird. "There's not really room for them back with the Eberharts, without they do some building, with all those children. They're turning the outside garage into a kind of cottage for her."

"When's it going to be finished?"

"I'd say in about a month. Dan told me Ruthie would be back in Hazel in the fall."

"She got any money?"

"Not a lot. I guess they're kinda worried about that as well. But Dan don't say much."

THERE was little to do after their meal but sit around and talk, and after half an hour Mrs. Laird suggested that their visitor might want to go to bed early.

Molly's room was warmer than she liked and she turned off the radiator and opened a window.

The mutter of the city came up to her from below, a continuous murmur of great cars that moved in the street, effortless, continuous. On the building opposite, a neon sign flashed in unceasing sequence, and there were many others round about; the rotating beam of an airways beacon swept the horizon monotonously, and now and then an aeroplane crossed the sky, sliding down towards the runway at the airport.

For a moment she thought with longing of the great quiet, the great stillness around Laragh Station, of the huge, silent panorama of the starry skies, and banished the thought. This was America, and it was marvellous.

Next day they drove 250 miles inland to Hazel. They arrived in the dusk and drew up finally before the Laird home on Second Street. Stanton stopped the engine and turned to the girl beside him. "Gee, honey," he said very quietly, "it's nice to be back!"

They had given her the guest bedroom on the ground floor, a pleasant

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Through the tunnel

A BRILLIANT NEW STORY
BY DORIS LESSING

Here, beneath the sea, the boy had to fight the hidden terrors of the cave. He must conquer them —or die

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

room looking out over the garden with its own bathroom. Here she unpacked her luggage, made herself at home, and settled down to grow accustomed to America in the Laird family.

They found her surprisingly ignorant of many things that were normal to their daily life. She had never seen a dish-washer or a washing machine, and had to be taught how to use them.

The electric kitchen stove was a great white thing controlled by no less than twenty-six coloured plastic keys like organ stops. It was weeks before she learned to play this instrument, accustomed as she was to cooking on a wood burning stove stoked by one of the gins. They found, however, that she was anxious to learn, and she spent most of her mornings doing housework with Helen Laird.

For the first few days after they arrived in Hazel, Stanton devoted himself to her, took her driving round the countryside, introduced her to friends and acquaintances.

Gradually, however, the work claimed him and he began to spend more time down at the business, and in a sense Molly was glad of it. Her job was to get to know Hazel as a resident and as a wife-to-be—not as a visitor to be escorted round all the time—and this she could hardly do with Stanton at her side.

She was touched by the fact that the Lairds, staunch Presbyterians, made it easy for her to go to mass. She went early in the morning on the first Sunday and returned in time for breakfast, and fell into the habit of going at that time each week. The Lairds, she found, were regular churchgoers, attending the morning service at the Presbyterian church.

She walked round once or twice with Mr. Laird to visit Dan Eberhart, and to inspect the building that he was converting from a garage into a home for Ruth and her four children.

The family was due to arrive back in the first week of September, and Helen Laird and Molly spent a busy week before their arrival machining curtain material and going round to put the curtains up and to see how they looked.

As Ruth Sheraton's arrival drew near, Stanton Laird became vaguely concerned. He had never told Molly of his teenage escapade, but now he felt uneasily that some explanation might one day be necessary.

There was no denying that Chuck's first-born son was getting to look very like himself. He did not think it likely that Molly would notice it or that anyone would call her attention to the likeness, yet it was indisputably there, and it was something that she should know about before they married. He did not want to marry under false pretences.

Early in September Molly got a letter from David Cope. She had heard once or twice from her mother, rather stilted laborious letters that did not conceal the effort of the writing or the affection that lay behind them, but which gave her very little news. She found the letter from the English boy more informative.

It ran:

Dear Molly,

So far as I can make out, nobody seems to be writing to you very much from home so here goes. The last of the Americans have gone away now, most of them to a place called Camp Hill on the coast near Broome; they're sinking another trial well there.

We had a really good rain this winter after you went and all the creeks are running, kind of makes up for the rain we didn't have last summer.

The sheep are doing well, what's left of them. You've got some marvellous feed on your place out past your Fourteen bore.

Your dad and the Judge went down to Onslow for the ram sales and the races and on the first day the Judge put fifty pounds on Laramie Girl to win and lost it. He was a bit full and said later that he thought he was putting five pounds on but he put fifty which was all he had.

So after that he hadn't got any money for grog except what your father gave him and that wasn't very much so he came back in pretty good shape.

I've been going over to Laragh Station quite a bit since you went away to America. Pat has been teaching me to drink rum his way with a chaser; I haven't got up to his quarter bottle tot yet, but I'm still alive anyway.

All the best,
David.

The girl from Australia treasured this letter, though she did not answer it for some time. It seemed disloyal to be carrying on a correspondence with David Cope when she was virtually engaged to Stanton Laird. Yet the letter brought a breath of the wide spaces that she had grown up in, and that she was now beginning to miss.

She did not show this letter to anybody because there were some things that could not be explained. She could never hope to make Helen Laird understand about the Judge, or her father's way with rum.

There were some things that she would never be able to talk freely about to her new relations in Hazel, kind and affectionate though they all were.

There were some things in her background that they would never understand.

She kept the letter to herself, and read it once or twice a day in private. It was lovely to get news from home.

To be concluded next week

The skipper's wife

Continued from page 13

to the kitchen. She stood there for a moment, irresolute with the shock of what had happened. Then she began to run about the house, fetching blankets to hang before the closed cooker, filling flasks and preparing hot-water bottles. When she had done, she took one of the flasks and a blanket and hurried out through the back door to the small garage where their little car was kept.

She drove as fast as she dared through the town. The house shadows were shaking as the lights quivered, and old pieces of paper danced out madly in the wind from the mouths of alleys. She passed the offices of the owners of the Nancy Jones. There were lights there, and she wondered what messages were passing through the lattice-steel radio mast on the roof.

She left the car at the bottom of the steps which led to the top of Salt Rock. The cliff was high, and overlooked the South Bank at the mouth of the harbour. In summer it was a gay enough place, with children climbing the concrete steps and an ice cream kiosk on the top, but tonight, in the rain and the wind and the darkness, it was evil.

Margiad fought her way up against the gale. The cement of the winding steps was slippery, the steel holding-rail wet, and the wind seemed to funnel from the sea up the narrow pathway. But, looking up to the top, she could see the searchlights which the coastguards and the breeches buoy teams had set up.

She reached the cliff top and saw that there were other women there, the two daughters of Dai the cook, and the wives and sons of other members of the crew of the Nancy Jones. They were huddled in a group near the great steel tripod of the breeches buoy apparatus. The men in their oilskins were already fitting rockets and checking over the greased coils of rope in its container.

Margiad hurried over. She reached the watching group. One or two of the women nodded respectfully to her, for she was the skipper's wife. Then a man came from the group of oilskinned figures about the tripod of the rocket apparatus. It was Edward Thomas, his face wet with rain and salt spray, and red from exertion.

He spoke huskily to Margiad. "Things have got worse quicker than we expected. The wind is dead against us, and two rockets have fallen short already."

As he spoke there was a sudden jet of flame and the hiss of an arcing light as another rocket was fired. The coils of rope murmured in their box. There was a pause, and then a sudden cheer went up from the men.

"Done it!" shouted Edward Thomas. "One across her bows!"

Immediately, some of the strain over, the women and the youths about Margiad started chattering and talking. After a while the thin line to the Nancy Jones became taut as her crew, down there in the wind and the blackness, took up the slack. Then a stouter rope was hauled out, and after that the massive hemp affair which was to carry the tackle of the breeches buoy.

The breeches buoy was sent slowly down from the cliff, over the waters seen churning white in occasional touches of the October moon, fitfully gleaming through gale-blown holes in the storm clouds. The first man was brought up, a lad who was wet and desperately tired, his young cheeks dark with shadows like an old man. He was given coffee, then wrapped in blankets and taken down the steps to

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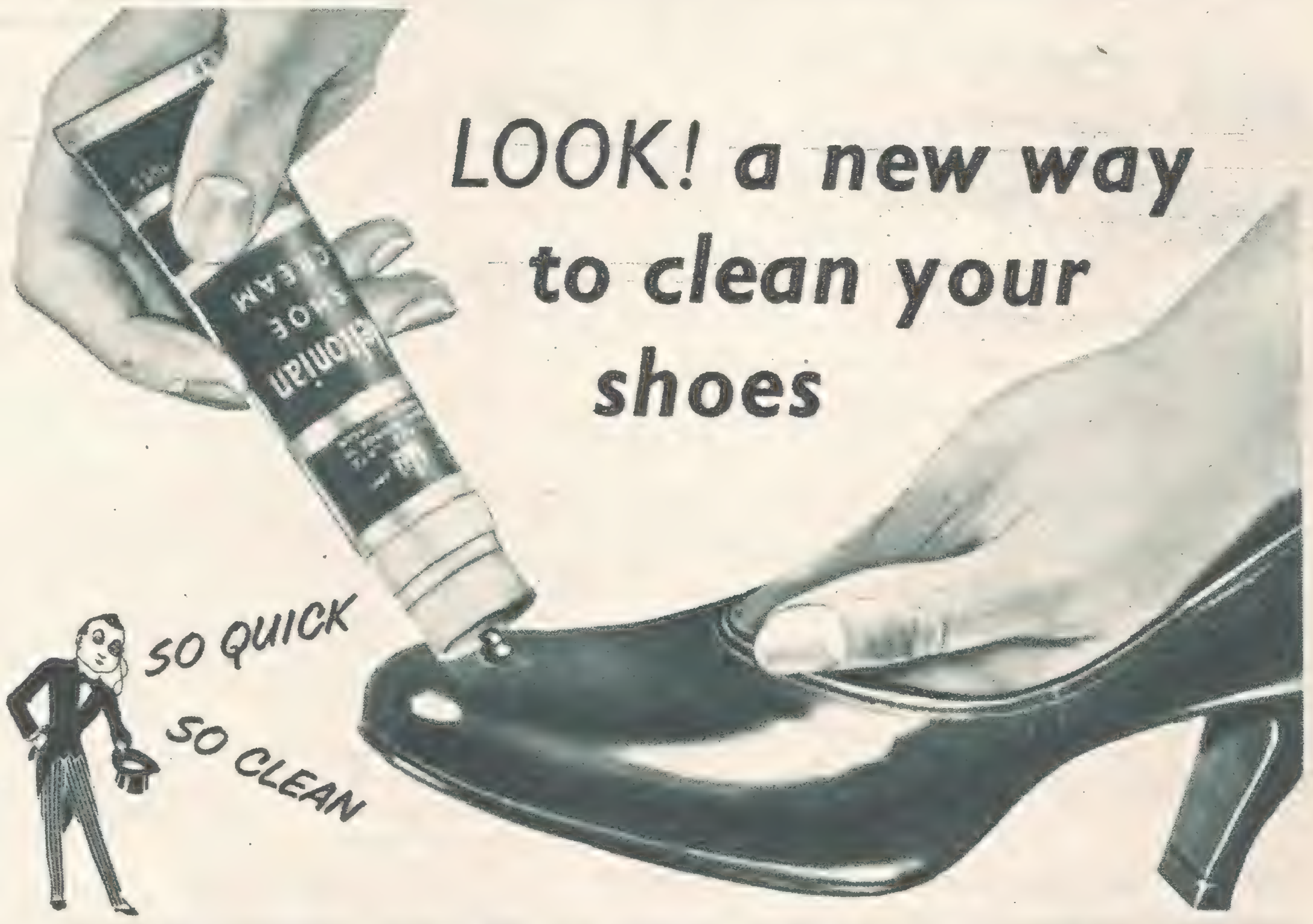

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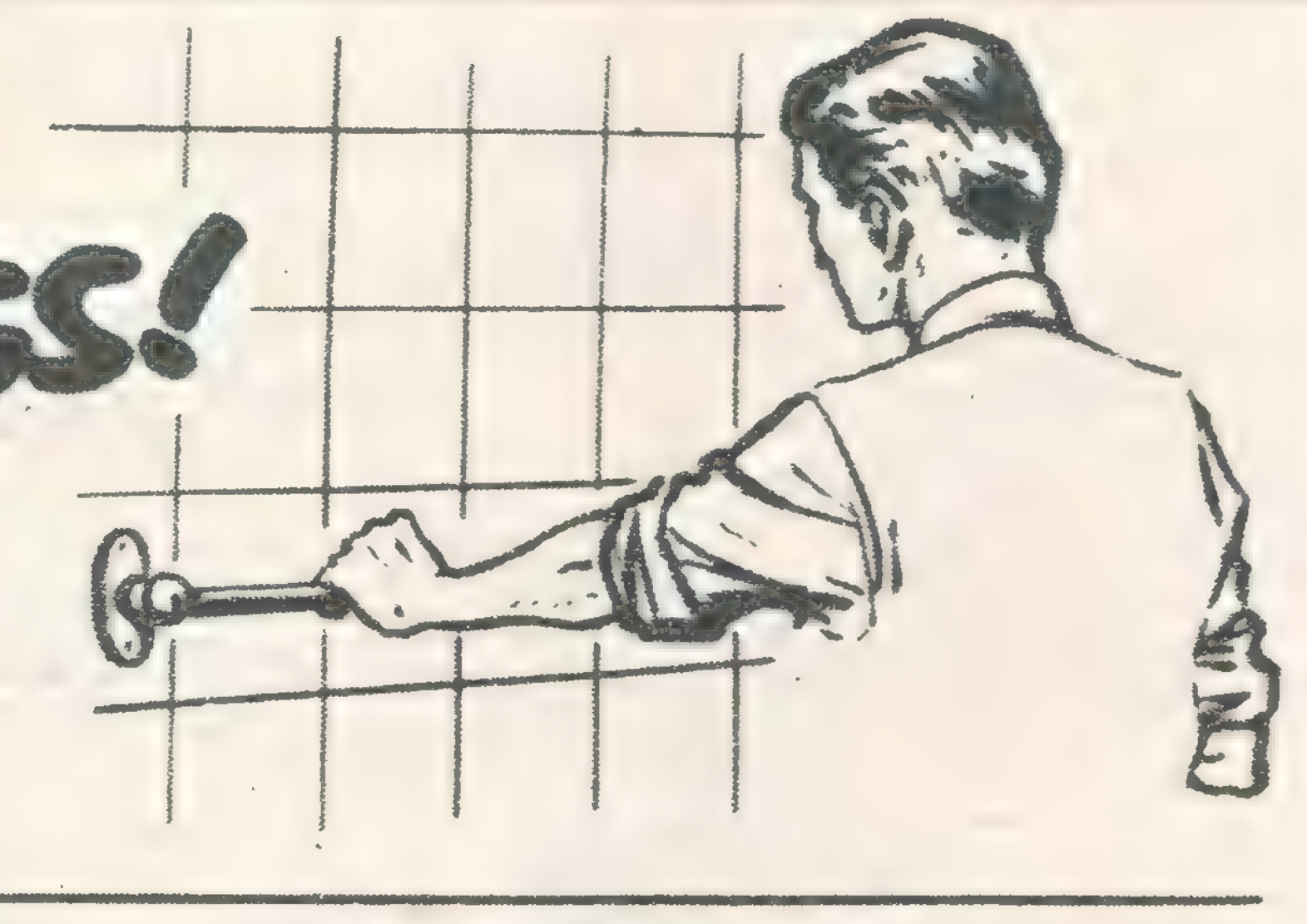

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the ambulance, to be taken to his home.

After him the cook and other members of the crew were brought up. Margiad slowly counted the men, knowing that Ifor, as skipper, would be the last to leave the Nancy Jones.

The mate was brought up, looking worried. As he clambered out of the breeches buoy, he saw Margiad.

"Skipper next?" she asked him urgently.

"No," he said. "Skipper's staying."

"Staying?" Margiad couldn't believe her ears.

The mate nodded. "He's hoping to get the boat off when the tide rises a bit. Says he's not going to lose her or the fish. We wanted to stay with him, but he ordered us up."

Mr. Thomas said: "The man's mad! What can he hope to do down there alone?"

"If he says he's staying, he's staying," the mate said. "You know what sort of man skipper is when his mind's made up."

Margiad did know, and she was cold with fear. She knew things must be desperate if Ifor had sent his crew ashore. And she knew that he was in one of his stubborn moods. She knew he would never abandon his ship.

Then, in a sudden desperate impulse, she said: "Send me down to him. I'll speak to him."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Thomas said. "A breeches buoy is no place for a woman on a stormy night."

"Send me down," Margiad repeated firmly. "I have something to tell him that will bring him ashore."

Mr. Thomas frowned at her. "Well," he said, "I don't understand, but if you can save his life, then you shall go."

He took Margiad to the tripod and told the crew to send her down. The men were astonished, but obeyed. They helped her into the breeches buoy, and then very gently lowered her, high above the tumbling waves, down to the boat. It seemed to Margiad that she would never reach the boat. But at last, after a wild, wet tossing journey, she suddenly saw the planks of the deck of the Nancy Jones close below her. Swaying, afraid that she would be sick, she closed her eyes.

LOVE—3

Love is only one of many passions . . . and has no great influence on the sum of life.

Samuel Johnson

And then two great wet arms hauled her from the breeches buoy and Ifor's voice said in gruff amazement: "Margiad! Whatever are you doing down here?"

The Nancy Jones had a list to port. She was heaving on the great, foaming surges roaring in from seaward, grinding dreadfully against the shoal bank under her. Margiad clung in terror to her husband. She said: "Ifor, you've got to come up. If you stay here, you'll be drowned."

He held her back to look at her; and smiling, he shook his head. "I'm staying," he said. "I've not lost her yet."

"Ifor!" She tried to drag him to the breeches buoy. "You've got to come—you've got to!"

Ifor didn't budge. "I'm staying," he said. "Both anchors are out, and when she comes off I'll have her safe. We'll be in harbour in an hour." He took her arm. "But you must get back. You've no place here."

She stared at him. She said: "If you won't do it for me. . . ."

And she told him the great news she had for him. At first he couldn't understand, but then suddenly the reality of it reached his tired brain.

"All the more reason for you to get back where you're safe and warm," he said. He grinned. "Perhaps he will be a sailor."

"And perhaps it will be a child with no father," she said bitterly. She drew away from him. "It would be better that we both drown than that. If you stay, I shall stay, too."

He pleaded with her, but she was adamant. She would not leave. In the end he guided her gently below to the cabin. There he left her, and went back to his lonely battle with the gale.

The next hour or so was a nightmare for Margiad. The Nancy Jones heaved and pounded so that it seemed she could not possibly survive. From time to time Margiad heard the groaning and chattering of the windlass up in the bows.

And then at last the pounding stopped. The Nancy Jones heaved and dropped, but she no longer was crashing down on the bank as though she would knock her bottom out. She was afloat.

Then Margiad heard the stutter and clank of the windlass again. It seemed to go on for ever. But at last it ended, and she heard Ifor's quick steps running aft overhead. A moment later the Nancy Jones shook with the full power of her engines.

SHE had to go on deck then. She struggled out and clawed her way along the heaving deck against the wind. She knew Ifor would be in the wheelhouse and she battled her way up there.

He was at the wheel, half lying on it. All the great strength had gone out of him after his terrific struggle with wind and sea.

"Ifor," Margiad said. "Ifor. . . ."

He didn't look at her. He hadn't heard her. He moved the wheel as in a daze, staring tiredly out of the port window. Before she could get way on her, the Nancy Jones had been driven by the wind and the rising tide hard in under the cliffs.

For a time it seemed as though she could not escape, that she must end her life and all her captain's endeavour on those cruel, fanged rocks so close on her beam. But then, inch by inch, she began to draw away.

She was safe.

Margiad herself brought the Nancy Jones most of the last bit of the way into her berth, up the sheltered harbour. Ifor leaned against the bulkhead, giving her instructions. It was all he could do just then. He was as exhausted as a man could be without collapsing. She stood at the wheel and did as he told her. Fancy, her at the wheel of the Nancy Jones! A few short hours ago she would never have dreamed of herself doing such a thing.

But a great deal had happened since a few short hours ago. Margiad, as she sat and waited in the cabin, had passed through bitterness and fear and dread to a new love and hope and faith. To faith in Ifor, her husband. There had come a time when she had known that in his care she was safe.

She understood so many things now that she had not understood before. She knew that truly the sea was Ifor's birthright, and that she could never try to deprive him of it. She realized with surprise that she no longer even wanted to. If he ever gave up one of his great loves for the other, he would be less than Ifor. And that was something she felt she could not bear. . . .

Ifor stirred. "We're coming in," he said. He nodded out of the window at the quay ahead, where the floodlights had just that moment been switched on. "They're waiting for us there."

Margiad gave up the wheel and moved aside. She could see people on the quay. She felt a great surge of pride. Ifor, her husband, had done a wonderful thing this night.

Ifor glanced at her. He said: "Shall I be telling them that there'll soon be a new sailor in this town?"

Margiad said softly: "If it's a boy."

"Of course it'll be a boy," Ifor said.

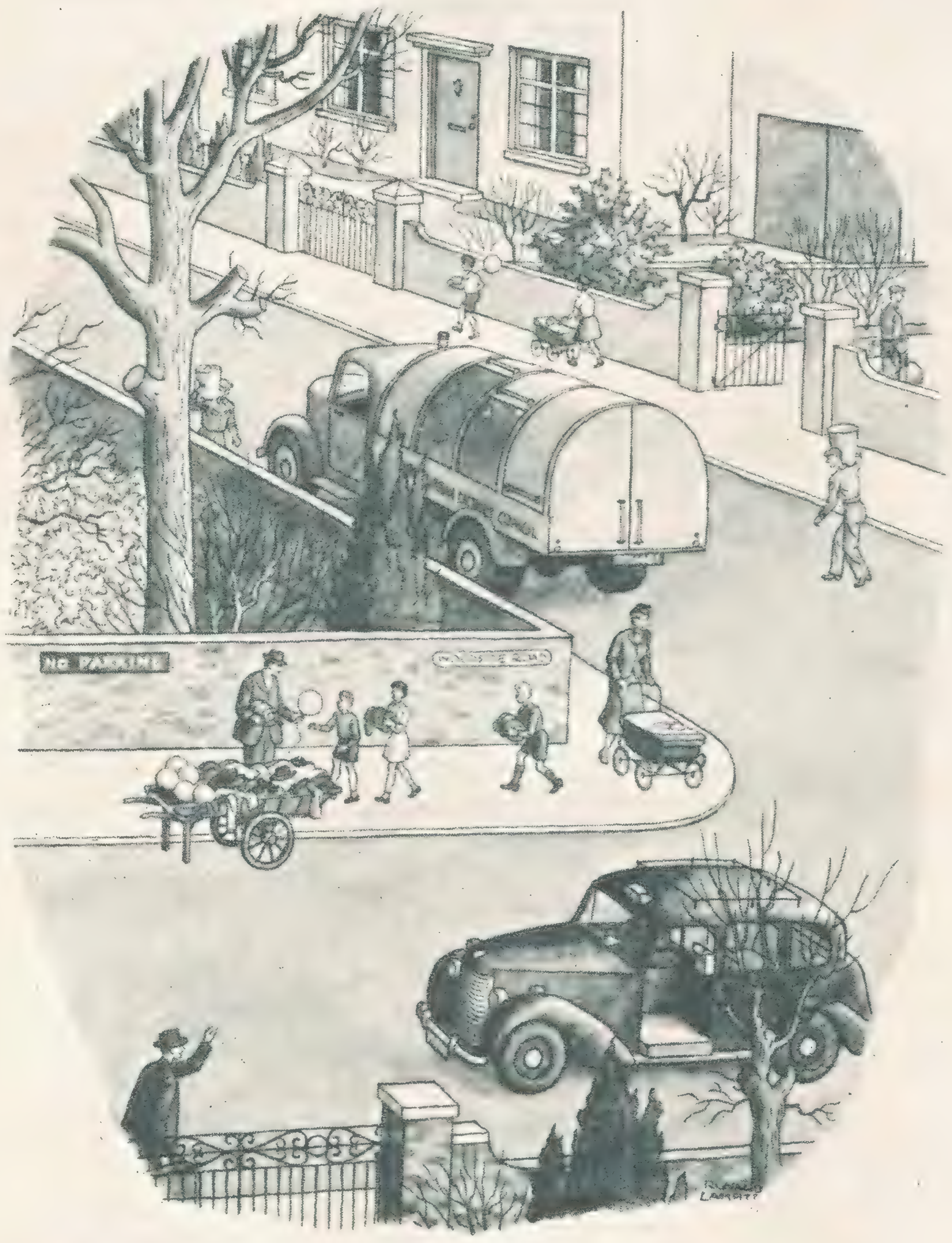
"Then tell them," Margiad said.

She would be proud in the telling. If it was a boy and he was as fine a sailor and a man as his father, she felt that there was nothing more she could ask.

Ahead of them she could hear cheering and singing. Truly the Nancy Jones was coming proudly home. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 39



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

Revenge of the Bedouin

Continued from page 19

Chafik, and began to question the witness about his visit to the Kedayers.

Mr. Hindawi explained he was a cattle dealer and had come to Iraq to purchase and transfer herds to the sister country of Jordan. Kedayer had been famous as a breeder of the hump-backed Brahmans, which, as Mr. Hindawi pointed out, could sustain themselves on the almost waterless plains of the Middle East.

" You understand well the problems of the bedouins, do you not?" Chafik asked.

" I myself came from the tents," admitted the witness.

The profile he turned was like that of a hawk, and the inspector thought: *Yes, a bedouin, but he no longer enjoys the simplicity of that way of living.*

" I was told that you were present when Mr. Kedayer dismissed some nomads who had camped under his walls," Chafik said.

" It was not a gracious act," said Mr. Hindawi. " Nor a wise one."

" You mean it provoked murder?"

" I mean it was cause for a judgment."

" I am not an expert there: my concern is only with Kedayer's body," Chafik said. " Do you think these nomads were capable of killing him?"

" They were so poor and helpless, they even apologized to live. But surely they had the right."

" What right? No man has the right to kill another."

" Then you have forgotten your Koran," said Mr. Hindawi severely.

He rose and paced slowly with hands clasped before him. Although a big man, he had the noiseless grace of a cat. His voice was deep and resonant as he quoted: " Retaliation for bloodshedding is prescribed to you—— "

Chafik stopped him, saying, " As a policeman on duty I am unclean, and my ears are therefore profane. So, sir, speak the Word only to yourself."

" You are right," agreed Mr. Hindawi. The resonance went out of his voice and he said flatly, " I am afraid I cannot help you, Inspector. I did not know the Kedayers until I came to Baghdad."

" But perhaps you have met Madame's brother, Raouf?"

The witness shook his head. " It is strange you should ask, for so did Kedayer's lady, and it caused a most unpleasant scene."

" In what way?"

" The man used very harsh words about his brother-in-law, although the Koran tells us to be generous with our near of kin and the orphans and the needy and. . . ." Mr. Hindawi stopped and then said sternly, " Oh, surely there was a judgment on Kedayer!"

THE day was at its hottest when the inspector returned to his office, and he felt relief as he closed the door. Grass mats covered the windows and were kept moist by a sprinkler system which cooled the air and the little man's temper.

Chafik hung up his coat and sat at his desk to read the various reports on the case. The police surgeon, he saw, had confirmed an opinion that he himself had quickly formed—that there had been little sign of struggle. Kedayer had died swiftly. The inspector thought of the " loud and protracted cry " of which his sergeant had spoken and doubted whether Kedayer could have had time to utter more than the shortest, half-strangled sob before going to face his Maker. He spoke of this to the sergeant, adding:

" That cry came, I think, from other lips than Kedayer's."

" Possibly a night bird," suggested Sergeant Abdullah.

" A very coincidental and raucous bird to disturb the slumbers of an old

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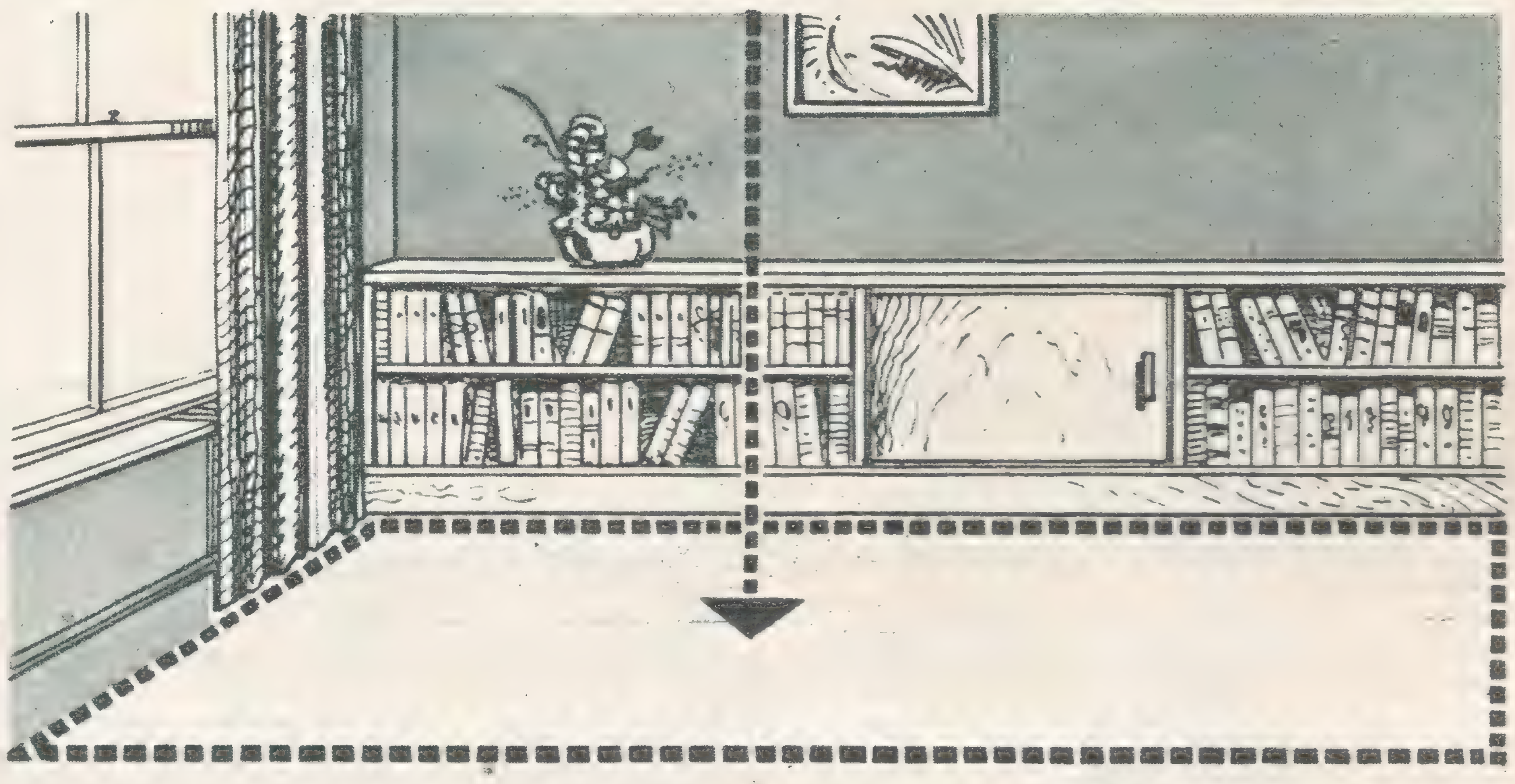

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man like Murad," Chafik said. "I am convinced, too, that Madame heard it, although she will not say so. What about those nomads?"

"We search, sir. The party is described as a man, emaciated; two women, one decrepit; three small children, all sickly; one goat, mangy; and a few chickens. It would appear——"

"Mr. Hindawi was right about them, then," interrupted Chafik. "Nevertheless, a desperate man, however emaciated, can use a knife. The party must be traced. I also wish to see Madame's brother, Raouf."

Sergeant Abdullah said grimly, "I have a report about him here, sir. It was not passed to us earlier because it was considered routine."

"More political trouble?"

"Domestic, this time. Three nights ago Raouf created a scene at his sister's house, and Mr. Kedayer called in the local police to remove him. The reporting officer states violent words were exchanged."

CHAFIK sat and twisted the heavy signet ring on his little finger, his expression remote. "Your thoughts are noisy, Abdullah," he said at last. "Go and find Raouf—and tell Records to send me everything they have about Kedayer."

The records department of the Baghdad police provided a mountain of papers that concerned the dead man, and Chafik worked through the rest of the day. A pyramid of cigarette stubs built up in the ash tray at his elbow, and his incoherent voice buzzed in the room like a swarm of bees.

"So many enemies, so many reasons for killing," he announced.

Sergeant Abdullah, who had just returned, said, "Sir?"

"What? Are you still there?" shouted Chafik as he looked up. "I told you to bring me Madame Kedayer's brother."

"That was seven hours ago," said the sergeant.

Chafik was not listening. He jabbed at the papers on his desk. "This Kedayer was not a nice character, and reading his life story has distressed my stomach. There is a report here about what happened——"

The sergeant persisted. "Sir! You asked me to find the brother of the dead man's lady and I have—I found him in Baquba. He does not come willingly to the interview and is very arrogant."

"Bring him in."

The sergeant ushered in a tall youth with a thin dark moustache. He was in a temper and struck the inspector's desk and shouted, "Why am I dragged here like a common criminal?"

"*Are* you a criminal?" Chafik asked mildly. He offered Raouf a cigarette and stood to light it. "Where were you last night?"

"You ought to know everything!" the youth said contemptuously.

"Alas! Only God is infallible. Tell me why you are frightened."

"Frightened? What makes you think I'm frightened?"

"Your arrogance," said Chafik. "It is often a shield an unsure man raises to cover the chink in his armour." He stood on tiptoe to match the young man's height. "And if you weren't frightened, why did you run away from Baghdad at a time when your sister needed you?"

The inspector was shocked by the way Raouf's sullen, small-boy face crumpled. Tears filled his soft eyes, so much like those of Madame Kedayer; he stumbled to a chair and sat with his face in his hands. "Nadra won't see me," he said in a muffled voice.

"Why?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" The youth looked up, lost and terrified. "She wants me to go away—never wants to see me again. My sister—all I have! She's all I've ever had. I don't remember my father and mother. I've never had anybody but Nadra. And he—took her from me."

"You mean your brother-in-law?"

"He poisoned her mind against me. I'm glad he's dead." A childish cruelty and spitefulness were reflected in the young man's face.

Chafik frowned. "This brother-in-law took your political effervescings too seriously," he said with compassion.

"An excuse!" cried Raouf. "An excuse to separate Nadra from me. I hated him! I hated him! He was a beast!" Raouf's dark bedouin face flushed with rage. "He set Murad as watchdog over my sister—that old man was his slave! But nothing will stop me from seeing Nadra. Not even Kedayer's ghost!" the youth finished shrilly.

He turned to run from the room and

Chafik signalled Abdullah to let him go. "Even passion must sometime stop running to catch breath," Chafik said.

When Raouf had gone, Chafik lighted a cigarette and picked up the report he had been reading when the young man arrived. The papers were yellow with age; he glanced at them and pushed them away distastefully.

"Abdullah," he said, "when we were interrupted I was telling you about this—the story of what happened at Lake Habbaniya twenty years ago. You remember the guard, Murad, referred to it when giving evidence this morning? It concerns a party of bedouins who trespassed on Kedayer's estates on Lake Habbaniya," Chafik went on. "There was a man, his wife, an aged male retainer and a small boy. They tried to water a flock. Kedayer ordered them off and they wouldn't go. Is it necessary to continue?"

"Who died in this uneven battle?" Abdullah asked.

"The man and his servant. The woman, who was ill, died later."

"And the boy, sir?"

INSPECTOR CHAFIK said: "He was adopted by a tribe going up into the western desert. The report is sketchy—it was all hushed up. Kedayer had friends in high places."

"A shocking story, sir!"

"An example of Kedayer's ruthlessness, and why the youth who has just left is not unpitied by either of us. But this Raouf must be watched."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"He, too, is a bedouin, like those of long ago—and those driven from the river wall the day before yesterday. There is a surfeit of bedouins in this case," the inspector said. "These desert people are fierce in defence of family, Abdullah."

The inspector took his *sidarah* from a peg, set it firmly on his sleek head, adjusted his polka-dotted tie, and went home.

He lived on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings in a small honey-coloured house that overlooked the river. His well-beloved wife, Leila, and their adopted son awaited him, but this night he saw them as shadows. He took off his shoes, put them under the hall table and went, as was his wont, on stockinged feet to his chair. So enthroned, they fed him, and he remained silent and eventually went to bed.

The telephone called him in the very early hours. He heard a nightingale trilling in the garden as he lifted the receiver, and he said to the voice that greeted him, "You do not sing like a nightingale."

"No, sir," agreed Sergeant Abdullah.

"For whose death do you croak this time?"

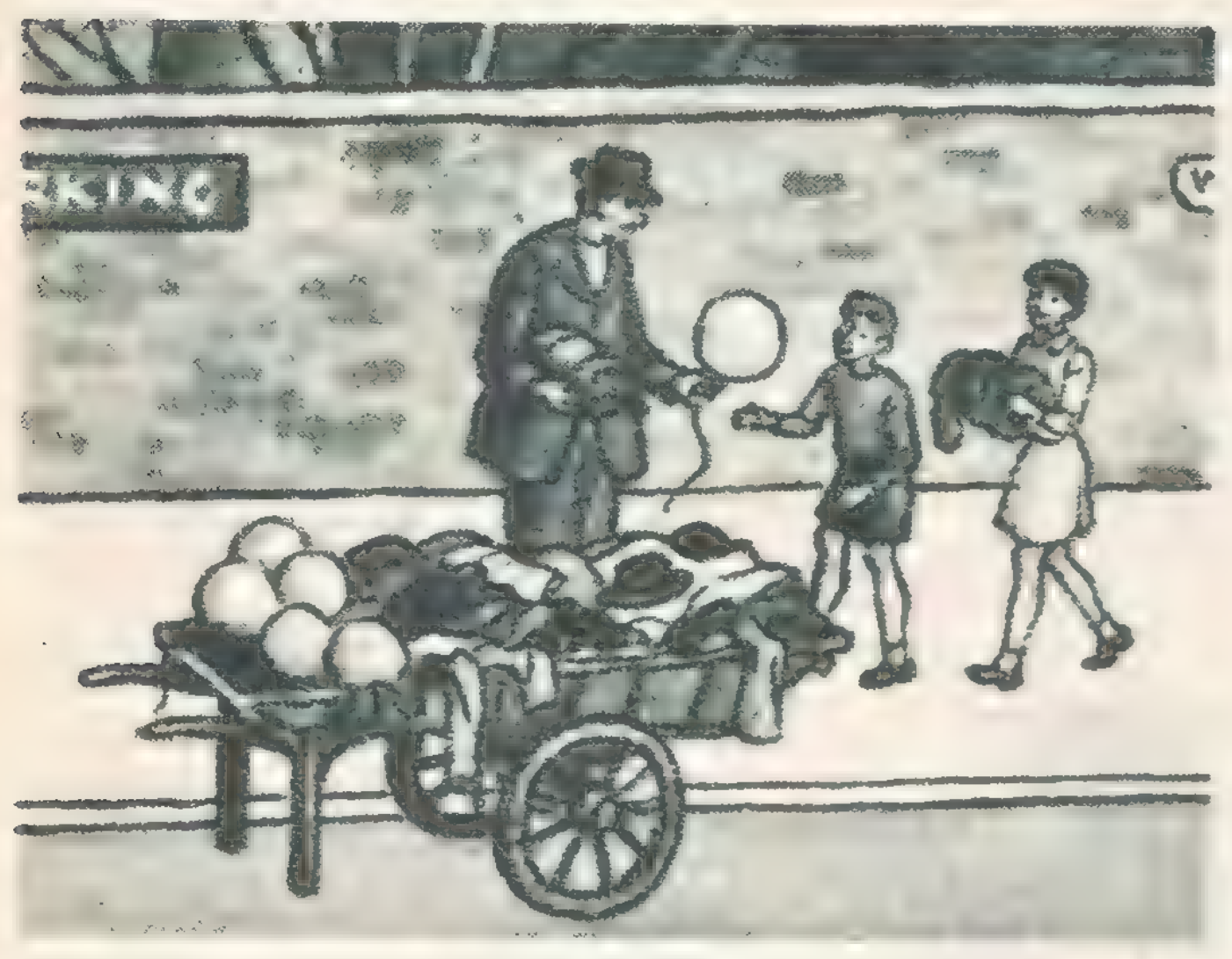
"For the old man who was guard at the house of Kedayer. Murad, sir—he too, has a slit throat."

Chafik was silent. Then he said, "Alas, for that too-faithful servant! And now what else, Abdullah?"

"The police patrol that was watching

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 37



THE Public Health Act of 1936 makes it an offence for traders collecting rags to give presents to children under fourteen. In 1949, says a barrister-at-law, a ragman was fined £4 for giving children live chicks. The law was made because dealers used to carry presents, which they would exchange for rags, among the bundles on their barrows. The gifts were often contaminated and spread disease.

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outside the house of Kedayer took a lurking man——"

"His name?"

"Raouf, sir," the sergeant said in a voice of doom. . . .

Another day was ended and Inspector Chafik sat once more in his chair in the house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings.

Leila, who had understood her husband for twenty years, arranged a cushion for his head and said softly, "You are tired, my man."

"It is my lot," he said and sighed.

"And mine!" Leila murmured and went on hastily, "I quite understand you are not happy about catching Mrs. Kedayer's brother, yet it was a dreadful thing he did. And all because he was stopped from seeing his sister, and he loved her, and——"

"And? And? You talk like our son, wife!"

Crouching on the stool at his feet, Leila said: "I try to help."

"And you do!" Chafik exclaimed and touched her dark head. "And now, madame," he continued formally, "about this Raouf. He does admit he was near the house at the time of both killings, but he claims he was there only to try to see his sister."

"And what does Mrs. Kedayer say?" Leila asked.

"I could not interrogate her. Two killed on successive nights—it was too much for her in her delicate condition. But obviously she thinks Raouf is guilty. She tried to send him away and denies she heard the cry. It was heard again last night when Murad was killed, and now we know what it was."

Leila waited.

"One of my officers who watched the house is a man of the tents. He recognized it and called it the Bedouin death chant."

"And what is that, my man?"

"Madame, these medieval desert people have a curious code of honour," Chafik explained. "They cannot kill a sleeping enemy, so they warn the victim with a shout before they draw the knife."

LOVE—4

Many people when they fall in love look for a little haven of refuge from the world, where they can be sure of being admired when they are not admirable and praised when they are not praiseworthy.

Bertrand Russell

"Horrible! So Mrs. Kedayer thinks her brother obeyed the law of their people and cried the warning before he killed her husband?"

"Yes, and the guard."

Chafik became lost in thought for several moments. Presently he said: "If Raouf thought Murad had seen him, he would have returned to kill again, to protect himself. . . ."

He was still worried when he went to bed.

In the night Chafik woke and said: "As Hindawi says, there was a judgment on Kedayer. But who shall judge a simple old servant whose master's word was law?"

"Who is this Hindawi?" Leila asked.

"A would-be saint," Chafik said. "He comes from beyond the western desert, from Jordan."

"And he said what?" said Leila.

"Oh, things that annoyed me! Such a rigid mind—he takes the Koran too literally," Chafik said. "He even built up a case for killing, based on the passage that says: 'Retaliation is prescribed to you. . . .'"

The inspector's voice faded. Suddenly he sat bolt upright.

"Husband! What is it?" Leila demanded.

He did not answer. He got out of bed and stood with arms swinging at his sides, a ridiculous figure in a long nightgown. And then he began to chant: "'O believers! Retaliation is prescribed to you: the free man for the free, and the slave for the slave, and the woman for the woman. . . .'"

The inspector turned to his wife. His face was expressionless. "Don't you understand?" he shouted.

"My man! You terrify me! You——"

"Didn't Murad describe himself as Kedayer's slave? And haven't we had the master—the free man—killed first, and then the servant? The way it happened at Habbaniya twenty years ago! And he's a bedouin, too! And. . . ." Chafik struck his forehead. "I forgot the rest of it—'the woman for the woman!' A woman died then, so now that means—Leila! My shoes!"

The inspector threw on his clothes and rushed from the house. His wife went to the window and watched with frightened eyes as the car vanished in a cloud of dust. . . .

It was almost dawn when Chafik reached the house of Kedayer. He was challenged there by a patrol and so met Abdullah, who was on an inspection tour.

The sergeant saw his superior's face and was alarmed. "You are ill, sir?" he asked.

"Ill with apprehension, Abdullah! The truth just came to me. I am afraid for Madame Kedayer."

They ran to the house and silently climbed the wall into the garden. Frogs croaked in the irrigation ditches and awakening birds chirped in the trees. Somewhere a nightingale trilled.

Chafik led the way to the stairs that went to Madame Kedayer's rooms. An archway opened on to a gallery, and here he stopped with his hand on the sergeant's arm.

They saw the shadow and heard the click of the opening door. The beginning of the dawn was reflected in the blade of the knife.

Abdullah felt for his gun, but Chafik stopped him. In silence, the inspector reached to the shoulder holster under his left arm and took out the automatic he so rarely used.

Then he threw back his head and gave an extraordinary cry, high and thin, a warning and a challenge.

Inspector Chafik shot Mr. Hindawi as he turned.

Then Chafik was kneeling by the dying man. The house blazed with lights, the police hammered at the gates, and Sergeant Abdullah went about his business. Chafik was aware of nothing but the greying face and whispering voice of the dying man.

"So proper!" gasped Mr. Hindawi. "So proper—to warn me!"

"Your interpretation of the Koranic law was not accurate," Chafik said quietly. "However, that will be explained to you in another place. Just now, tell me one thing: Were you the boy who was left orphaned at Habbaniya twenty years ago?"

Mr. Hindawi nodded.

"I do not believe in coincidence," said Chafik. "Did you come here to kill Kedayer?"

The man nodded again, and then forced himself to speak: "I waited my chance—all these years I thought of nothing else. But then I found that his lady was good, and I thought perhaps I would not take my just revenge, but he . . ." Hindawi struggled for strength to go on. "I saw Kedayer drive those poor people away—knew he hadn't changed . . . as the judgment decreed, he had to die. . . ."

"So you left Kedayer's house because you couldn't be the guest of the man you intended to kill?"

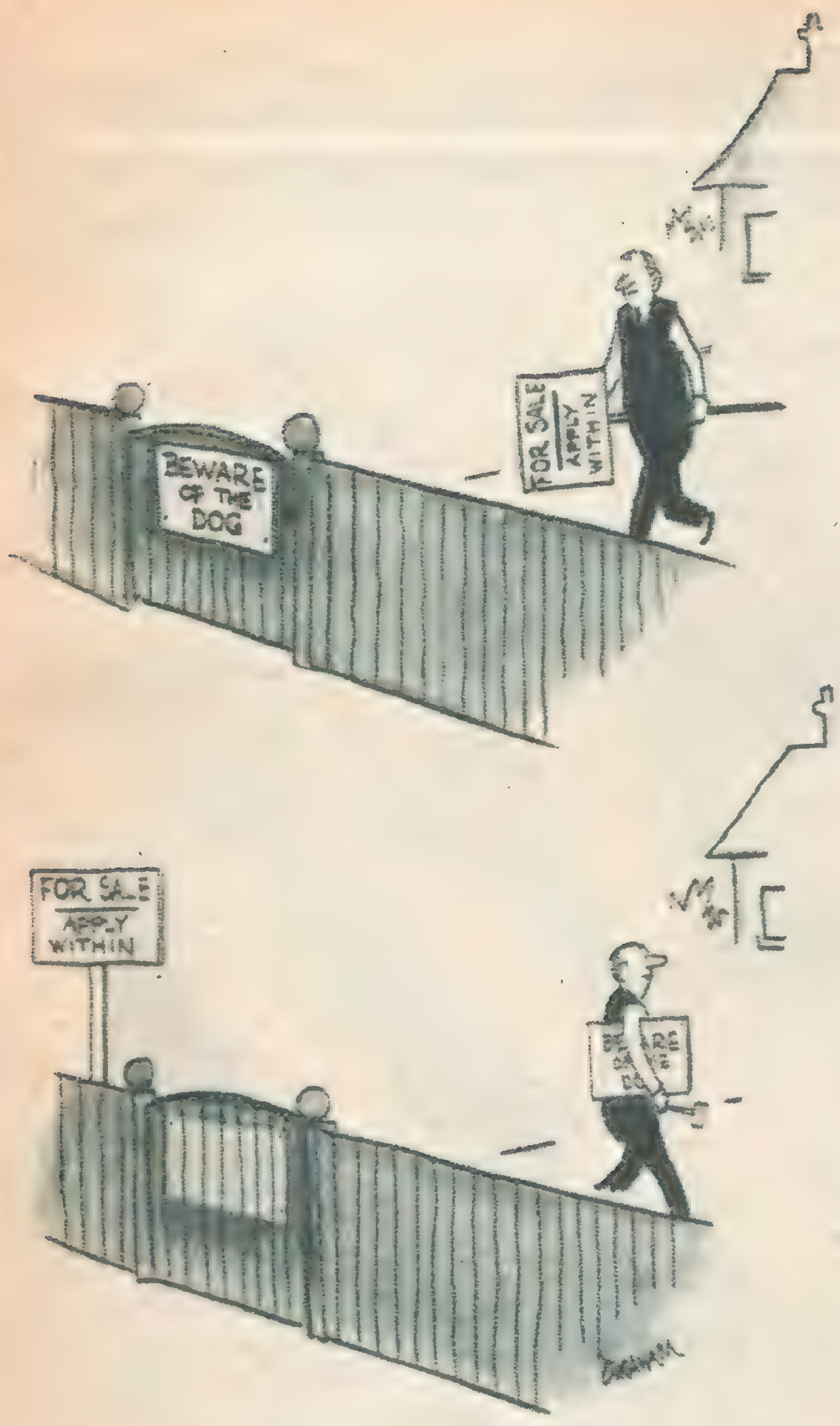
"It would have been improper, dishonourable. . . ."

"Ah, you bedouin!" said Chafik.

He bent to listen as the whispering voice came again: "You remember the garden of the hotel, where we met? I was reminded of the night when it covers with darkness, and of the Lord, who. . . . Speak to me the words that follow!" gasped Mr. Hindawi.

Chafik put his lips to the man's ear. "'The Lord hath not forsaken thee. . . . And surely the future shall be better for thee than the present . . .'" he chanted.

"There is so much comfort in the Koran," the inspector said then, as he covered Mr. Hindawi's face. THE END



The birth of Red Russia

Continued from page 11

Admiralty and found the ministers still deliberating. Some of them bolted out of a back window and disappeared from history. The others were arrested by the soldiers and taken off to the Peter-Paul prison, where revolutionaries were being released. After a day or two these ministers were released also, and they too disappeared from history. Such was the dismal end of the great Imperial government.

The members of the Duma were equally helpless. They turned up each day at the palace of the Duma; but officially the Duma was dissolved, and they were an illegal body. They were too law-abiding to do anything.

Who would take over the authority that the Tsar, the ministers, the Duma had been unable to use? No one could think of an answer. On February 28 the nameless masses who had made the revolution supplied one.

In their heavy boots, workers and soldiers—delegates elected from factories and army units—pushed their way into the Duma building. They turned out the members of the Duma from their big hall and occupied it themselves, while the Duma took shelter in the committee rooms, where they went on arguing.

These unnamed workers had come to set up the Soviet, an organization almost exactly like a British Trades Council. Each factory and later each army company elected a delegate who changed from meeting to meeting; but there were always plenty of delegates. This first body was the Petrograd Soviet. Soon every town, every village, every army unit had its own Soviet; and these Soviets were the only authority the masses would obey.

You had only to say, "In the name of the Soviet," and everything started working again. The trams began to run again "in the name of the Soviet." The crowds cleared off the streets and went home when the Soviet told them to do so. A detachment of soldiers occupied the central telegraph exchange and accepted messages only if they were certified by a member of the Soviet. The most daring unit arrested the remaining tsarist ministers and led them round to the Tauride Palace. There, to the great annoyance of the workers, the Soviet Executive took them under its protection and soon released them.

The soldiers particularly wanted to have something to show for all their trouble. Hardly had the Petrograd Soviet begun to meet than soldiers crowded round a revolutionary called Sokolov—one of the few men present capable of putting words together, and dictated to him "Order Number One." Every company was to elect a Soviet; orders were to be obeyed only if the Soviet approved; saluting and discipline off-duty were abolished. "Order Number One" went the rounds of Russia. Every company adopted it. The generals declared that it was "the ruin of Russia." Certainly it was a dramatic revolutionary act, an order of tremendous significance.

The Soviet had become the new revolutionary government. Was that to be the end of the story, then? Not at all: it had hardly begun. For though the Soviet had all the power, neither its members nor the professional revolutionaries knew it.

The original Soviet had been an unexpected creation of the revolution of 1905. There were plenty of revolutionary agitators before them—in particular the Social Revolutionaries, and the two groups of Social Democrats, majority and minority. The Russian words for majority and minority are Bolshevik and Menshevik — harmless words of no terrible significance when they were first used. But none of these parties foresaw the Soviet. The Soviet of 1905 sprang up of its own accord, simply because the factory delegates wanted somewhere to discuss their common problems.

The only famous man in the Soviet was Trotsky, who belonged to no group and recognized no leader. As the chairman of its last meeting, he ensured that the 1905 Soviet ended life with a bang. When an officer came to arrest the members, Trotsky said firmly: "You must not interrupt the speaker. You must wait your turn"; and the officer obediently sat down. Then Trotsky solemnly asked the Soviet whether they would hear their visitor. The officer read the warrant for their arrest. His motion was ruled out of order, and the debate went on until the officer returned with some soldiers, insisting that they really must come off to prison. Only then did Trotsky adjourn the proceedings.

None of the politicians drew any moral from the Soviet of 1905. They went on preaching revolution in the old way. Tsardom easily kept all the agitators in check. On the outbreak of war in 1914 the Bolsheviks, or to give them their official name, the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party (Majority Section), had about 30,000 members out of a total population in Russia of about 170 million; nearly half of these were in Petrograd. The Bolsheviks protested against the war. Their party was made illegal, their newspapers suppressed, and their remaining leaders were sent to Siberia. By 1917 their secret organization had a few thousand members in Petrograd; all the rest had been lost sight of.

LENIN, the Bolshevik leader, knew little of what was happening in Russia. He had been in exile ever since the end of 1907; and he had played no part in the first revolution.

When the war came, Lenin was in Switzerland. His wife had inherited £160 from her mother; and they made this last nearly three years. No one seeing him in the streets of Zürich could have guessed that he was a dangerous revolutionary, let alone the future ruler of a great state. He was short, sturdy, with deep-set eyes, a short sandy beard, and a merry smile; always decently dressed, though in old clothes, and with a cloth cap set well back on his head. He took plenty of exercise, bicycling round Zürich or walking in the mountains. He was completely cut off from Russia, even if his party had not been illegal.

Only two or three of his letters got through to his followers. He tried to persuade other socialists of other countries to join him in opposing the war. Many of them were ready to say: "Stop the war." But Lenin was no pacifist. He wanted war, but against his own government. "Turn the imperialist war into a civil war," he said. No one took his advice.

Lenin, just like everyone else, did not foresee the Russian revolution of 1917. Still less did he foresee that the Soviets would play an important part in it.

The workers and soldiers who set up the Petrograd Soviet could not wait for guidance from Lenin or anyone else. The Soviet had more than three thousand members; and speeches went

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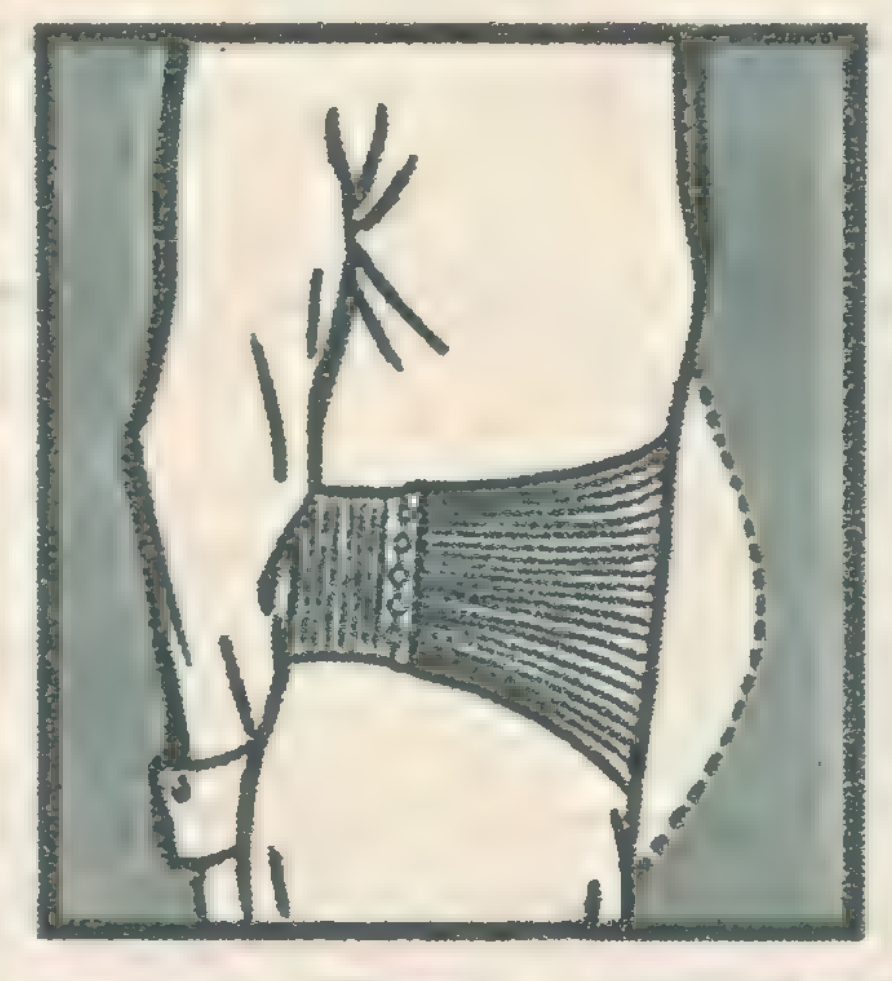

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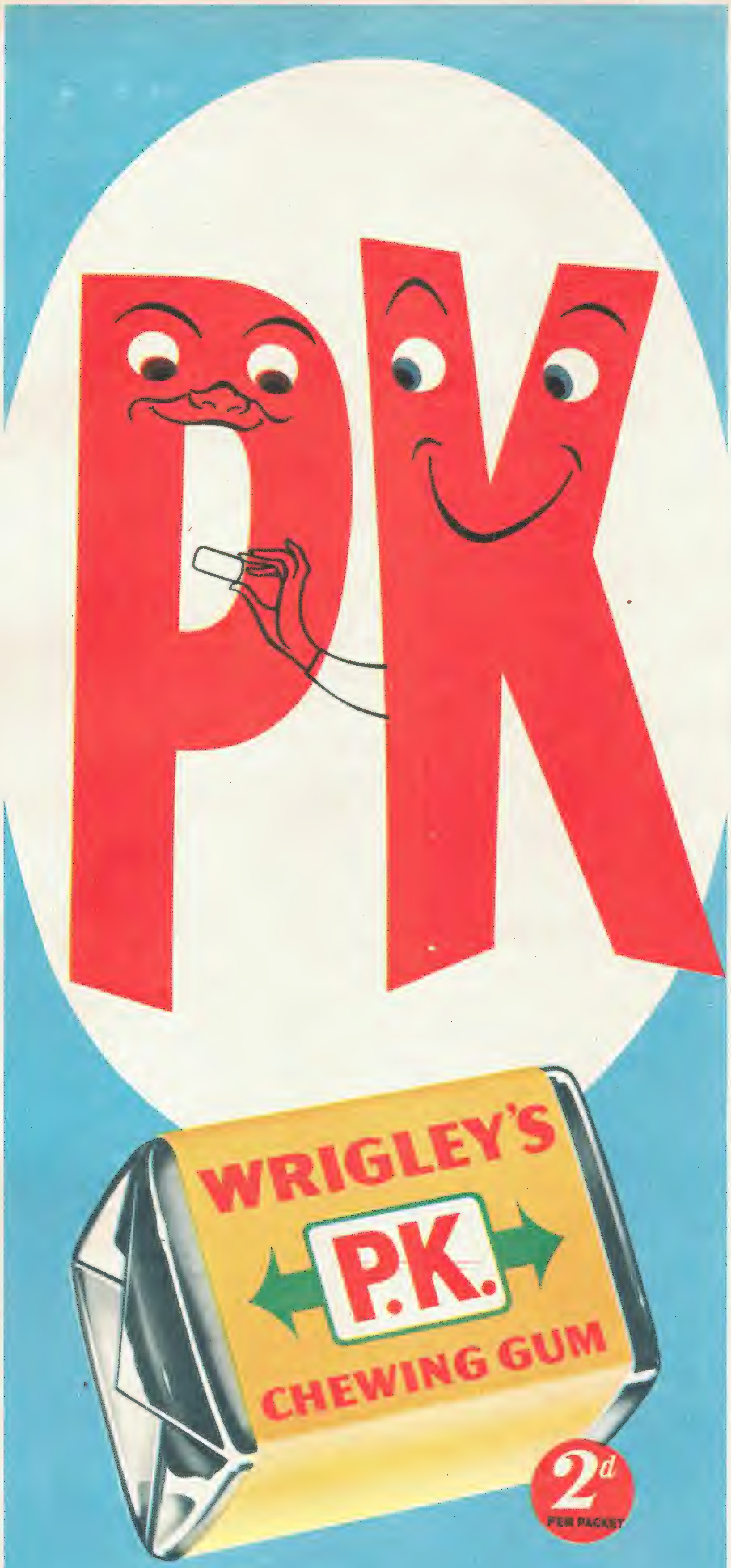
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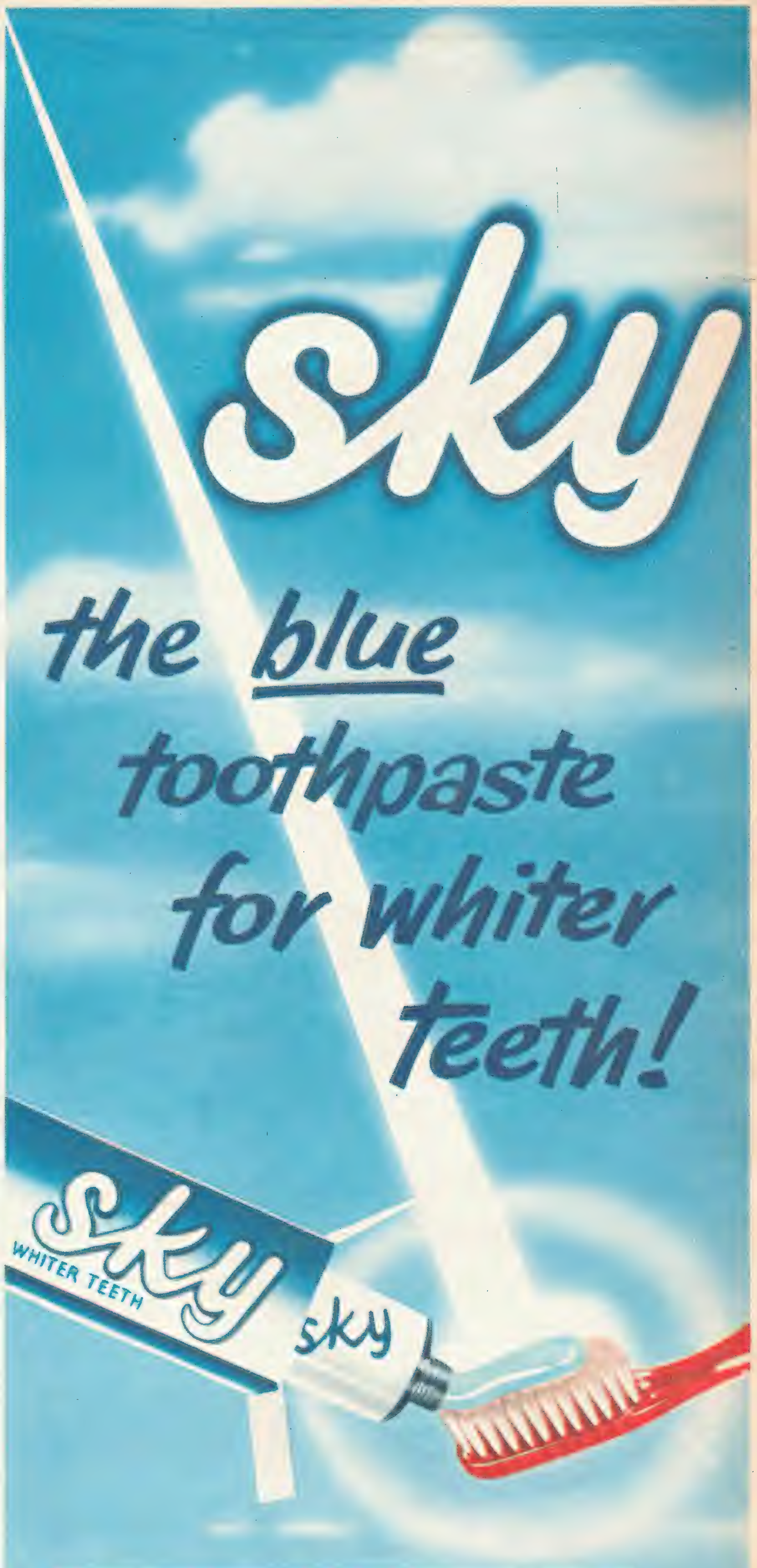
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When the Soviet came to elect its executive, it turned to the names that it recognized—the revolutionaries of yesterday. None of these men had played any part in the revolution. They spent the time listening to the firing and telephoning to each other for news. Now they drifted to the Soviet meeting; and as each one showed up he was hastily drafted on to the Soviet Executive.

So at least the executive became the revolutionary government? No, that too did not happen. Some members of the executive had ceased to be revolutionaries—all the dangerous ones were away in Siberia. But even the more radical were democrats. They were horrified at the idea of taking power without the blessing of a parliament. Besides, the more sincere they were, the more frightened they became of applying their principles. They were socialists. How could socialism work in the present chaos? The capitalists and the old officials, they thought, were the only people who could run Russia; and for that there must be a "respectable" government.

Again, many of them had opposed the war. But the German Army was still on Russian soil and showed no sign of going away. The war would go on, they supposed, whatever Russian revolutionaries might say. Therefore the generals must get on with their job; and they needed a respectable government for that too. Yes, a provisional government was the answer, a government composed of the middle-class politicians of the dissolved Duma, with the Soviet Executive keeping an eye on it.

But the politicians were even more terrified. It would be "illegal" for them to set up a government unless the Tsar approved. Two sets of telegrams went off to Nicholas II, now back at headquarters. One lot from the Soviet ordering him to abdicate; another lot from the liberal politicians, imploring him to make them ministers.

NICHOLAS II could not decide what to do. He consulted his generals. They wanted Petrograd to settle down and send troops to the front. They advised him to abdicate.

Tsar Nicholas did what he was told. He signed his abdication. Then he was arrested "in the name of the Soviet" and taken to join his wife at Tsarkoie Selo, his country palace. Nicholas lived quietly at Tsarkoie Selo throughout the summer, working in the garden and never making a comment on the great affairs of state. The guards grew to like him. One of them trundled the barrow; another took a turn with a hoe, while over on the lawn others pushed the Imperial children to and fro on the swing. The former Tsarina disliked these familiarities. She told Nicholas to remember he had been Tsar; but he only smiled and said they were nice people.

Early in September the Germans took Riga. There was an alarm that they might reach Tsarkoie Selo. The Imperial family were told to pack hastily. Nicholas went off, leaving a half-smoked pipe on his desk where it can be seen to this day. They were moved to Tobolsk in central Russia. But they were already forgotten. Even the most reactionary generals never proposed to restore Tsar Nicholas II.

The Tsar had not solved the problem for the liberals. He had simply cleared off, leaving them with Russia on their hands. There could be no "legal" government. But Russia could not wait for a constituent assembly which would take months to elect. The politicians hit on a solution. Rodzianko, president of the dissolved Duma, represented a bit of old Russia: he should give his blessing to the new government.

The Soviet Executive was delighted. It solemnly "recognized" the provisional government; all it asked for itself in return was — free speech.

But did no one protest? Were there no Bolsheviks around? There were Bolsheviks but no protests. Out of the thirty-nine members of the Soviet Executive, eleven were Bolsheviks. Not one voted against recognizing the provisional government. The truth is that the Bolsheviks in Petrograd had not the least idea what to do. When the revolution made them a legal party again, they set up a central committee composed of the few old members who had managed to escape arrest. Shliapnikov, a factory worker, was one; a university student of twenty-seven, called Molotov, was another.

This committee issued a fine declaration in favour of democracy, but it could not think of a policy. Molotov was put in charge of the party paper. He urged the workers to oppose the provisional government. But in favour of what? He did not say.

In any case Molotov did not have a long run. In the middle of March, Stalin and Kamenev returned from Siberia. They had been in the top rank of Bolsheviks before the war. Kamenev had been editor of the party paper; Stalin was the senior member of the central committee. The youngsters were turned out of their jobs.

Kamenev was easy-going and conciliatory by nature. Against Lenin's orders he had supported the war in 1914; and he was doubly sure that the war should be supported now that Russia was a democratic country—in theory at any rate. From the moment he took over *Pravda* it became an organ of national defence.

Stalin kept a bit more in the background. The Menshevik Sukhanov, who saw everything during these months, writes of him: "He produced—and not only on me—the impression of a grey blur, looming up now and then dimly and not leaving any trace. There is really nothing more to be said about him."

Stalin was always the mole who worked in the dark. He was the chief of the "practicals"—those who organized everything from smuggling-in pamphlets to robbing banks in aid of party funds. His biggest exploit in the old days was to organize the "expropriation" of a quarter million roubles (£25,000) from the National Bank of Georgia.

On June 23, 1907, the stage-coach carrying this money drove into the main square at Tiflis. As it slowed up, bombs were hurled at the coach. Guns suddenly appeared in the hands of seemingly innocent bystanders, who began to fire at the Cossack guards. In a panic the horses reared up and tore off round a corner, only to be crippled there by another bomb. The raiders dashed up to the coach, hauled out the money and swiftly disappeared.

Yet the operation was not a success. The money was all in thousand-rouble notes; and the numbers were circulated to every bank in Europe. When Bolshevik agents tried to change these notes, they were arrested. The party never received a kopek.

Though an old party member, Stalin had never been concerned with policy. In 1917, for the first time in his life, he had to give a lead in this matter. But without Lenin he was helpless, and he took Kamenev's advice instead. So he, too, became a supporter of the provisional government "in so far as it promoted the revolution."

There would have been no Bolshevik revolution if it had rested with Stalin and Kamenev. The members of the provisional government looked as though they were in for an easy time. But Kerensky, the one member of the Soviet who had become a minister, knew better. One day at a cabinet meeting he said with a giggle: "Just you wait, Lenin himself is coming, then the real thing will begin!"

THE coming took a long time. For nearly a month Lenin was stuck in Zürich. His first plan was to return to Russia by sea, but this meant going through England; and the British government refused him a visa.

He thought of wearing a blond wig and crossing Germany on a false passport as a dumb Swede. "Impossible," said his wife. "If you dream of the Mensheviks, you will start swearing and shout 'scoundrels and traitors.'" Very well, Lenin answered, he would learn Swedish. He was so thorough that no doubt he would have learned to dream in Swedish as well.

After days of argument it became clear that there was only one solution. Though Germany and Russia were still at war, Lenin must cross Germany with official permission.

General Ludendorff, chief of the High Command, had no scruples. He was afraid that the February revolution might revive Russia's fighting spirit; and here was Lenin preaching "defeatism" and mutiny. A formal agreement was drawn up between the two sides—one an almost unknown revolutionary, the other chief of the German High Command.

On March 26 a train carrying thirty-two Bolsheviks left Berne for Russia. It was eight days on the way, a very uncomfortable journey. No smoking was allowed in the compartments. Smokers had to lock themselves in the lavatory. The travellers had brought all their own food with them—tins of meat and biscuit, which grew stale before the journey was over. Like all Russians, they expected to brew endless tea during the journey; but the German officials objected to their boiling water on the train, and they were forbidden to get out at stations.

The train spent half a day in a siding at Berlin. Some German socialists tried to speak to Lenin, but he refused to have anything to do with them—perhaps to keep a promise he had made in his agreement with Ludendorff, more probably because he despised them as moderates.

For Lenin never wavered in his insistence on a second, a thorough-going, revolution whatever his more cautious followers might be saying in Russia. He had bombarded his Russian comrades with angry telegrams while he was still in Switzerland: "Our tactics: complete distrust; no support to the new government; arming of the workers the sole guarantee." "Our party will disgrace itself for ever . . . if it takes part in the swindle of national defence. . . ." It was his warning against Stalin and Kamenev.

The Bolsheviks in Russia laughed off these messages. Lenin, they said, was impractical, out of touch. Still, the story went around that he was coming home to make trouble. The provisional government considered arresting him on arrival. One of the ministers said: "His having appealed to Germany will so undermine Lenin's authority that we need not fear him"; and they decided to leave him alone.

LOOK carefully at this Lenin as the train carries him across Germany; he is on his way to make history. Yet there seems little that is impressive about him. Patient, determined, quiet enough except in political argument, you would not take him for a future dictator. What had Lenin got which distinguished him from other men?

Lenin's secret was this: he knew he was right. He was a sincere fanatic, ready to sacrifice himself and all others for the cause in which he believed. That cause was the socialist revolution—a revolution which would both destroy the capitalist system and end war between nations. Lenin believed that sooner or later this revolution was bound to succeed. But he was also ready to have a shot at revolution whether it succeeded or not. Others counted chances, weighed probabilities. Lenin's favourite maxim was borrowed from Napoleon: "Start the battle; and then see what happens."

Lenin was going back to Russia in order to start the battle.

On April 3 Lenin's train at last reached Russia. At the frontier he changed into a broad-gauge carriage. Some Bolsheviks had come to meet him. They included Kamenev. Lenin rounded on him at once: "What is this nonsense you have been writing in *Pravda*? We saw some numbers and gave it you hot and strong."

There was a smile in his eyes, but none in his voice. Kamenev smiled back. He thought that Lenin would soon come to his senses.

And certainly Lenin was in for some surprises. He expected to be arrested when he reached Petrograd. Certainly there were soldiers at the station, but they were a guard of honour sent from the Soviet. Banners of welcome were flying; the guard presented arms; and a band burst into the *Marseillaise*. A woman Bolshevik, Alexandra Kollantai, presented Lenin with a bouquet. The red carpet was down; and it led to the Tsar's waiting-room which had been reopened for the occasion. The imperial arms had gone; but there were still the heavy carpets, the gorgeous furniture, even the servants in uniform.

Lenin bustled into the room and stopped short. For there to greet him

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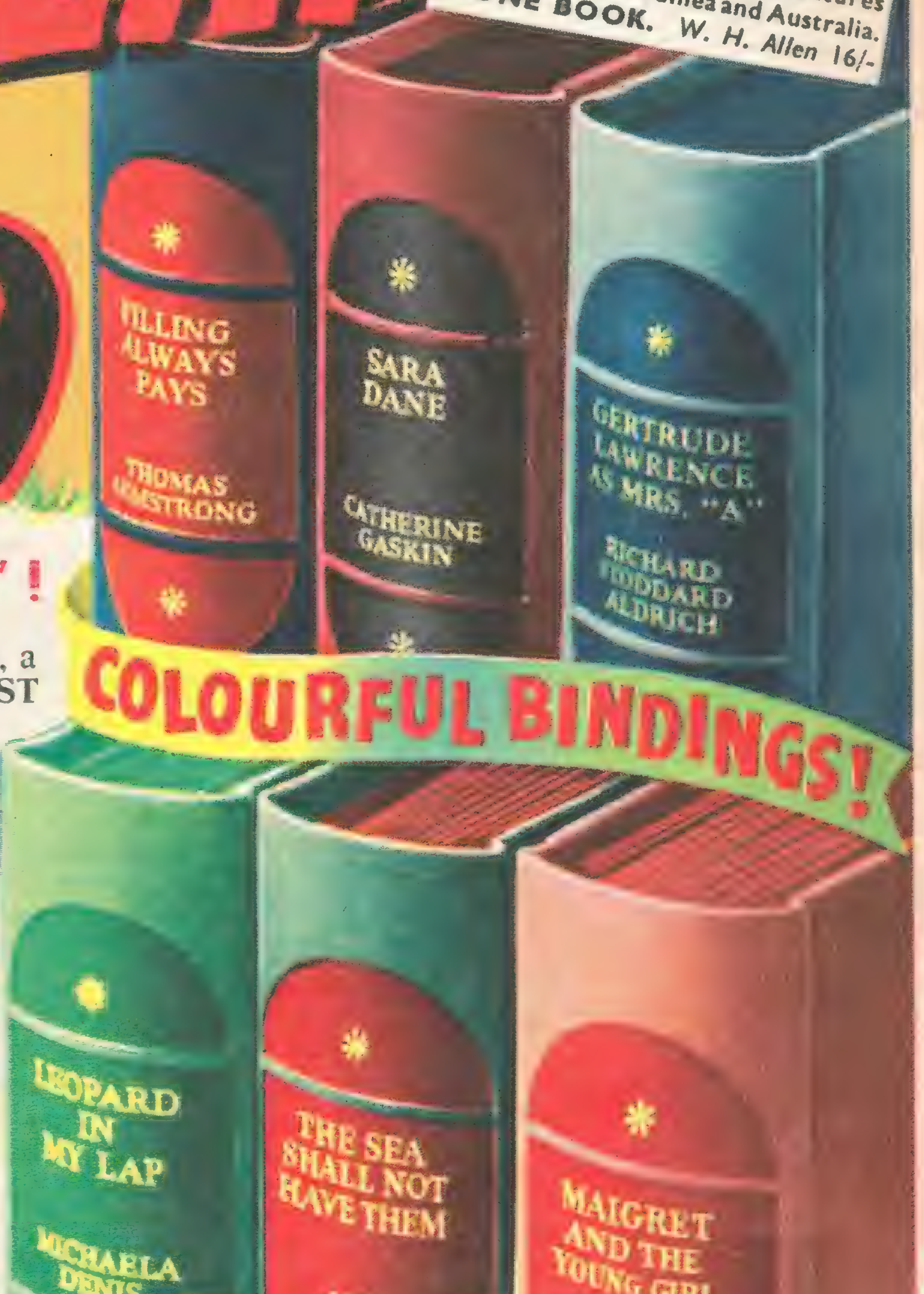

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BLOCK LETTERS

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was Chkheidzke, president of the Petrograd Soviet; Chkheidzke, his old Menshevik enemy whom he had reviled as a traitor and an imperialist lackey.

Chkheidzke stumbled through a prepared speech—a speech of greeting but also of warning. "Comrade Lenin," he intoned, "in the name of the Petrograd Soviet and the whole revolution, we welcome you to Russia. . . . But we think that the principal task of the revolutionary democracy is to defend our revolution from every kind of attack both from within and from without. We hope you will join us in working for these objects."

Lenin took no notice of this speech. He fiddled with his bouquet, stared at the walls, ignored Chkheidzke's outstretched hand, and turned to the crowd on the railway platform.

"Dear comrades, soldiers, sailors, and workers," he cried, "I am happy to greet in you the victorious Russian revolution, to greet you as the advance guard of the international proletarian army. The robbers' imperialist war is the beginning of civil war throughout Europe. The world-wide socialist revolution has already dawned. Any day now the whole of European capitalism may crash. The Russian revolution achieved by you has opened a new epoch. Long live the world-wide socialist revolution!"

Without a civil word, Lenin pushed out of the waiting-room to the square outside, packed with people. He clambered on to the bonnet of a car; and the horrified reception committee inside the station could hear him repeating his theme: "Lies and frauds . . . take no part in the shameful imperialist slaughter . . . capitalist pirates." Then he got into an armoured car and drove off to Bolshevik headquarters, housed strangely enough in the palace of the former Tsar's former mistress—the ballerina, Kshesinskaia, now a middle-aged lady.

Here, the soft beds and silk cushions had been pushed aside. Wooden tables and chairs, typewriters and tea-urns had taken their place. Once arrived among his comrades, Lenin turned on them and denounced their policy. "We don't need a parliamentary republic; we don't need any government except the Soviets." As to this talk about patriotism and national defence, "I would sooner be alone like Liebknecht in Germany than touch the little finger of one socialist who wants to continue the war."

The Bolsheviks stared at each other. Poor Ilyich (their pet name for him), they thought, he is still out of touch; he doesn't realize what is going on. Kamenev spoke up against him. Another called out: "This is the raving of a madman."

Stalin sat silent, sucking his pipe and stroking his moustache in embarrassment. Only Molotov looked pleased. He, the youngster, had been right after all, but he had too much sense to say so.

When it came to a vote, Lenin's proposals were rejected by all against two. Lenin was one of the minority; the other was probably Alexandra Kollantai. Here were fine doings. Lenin the leader with only one supporter, and that a woman. All the experienced men, the old Bolsheviks, were against him. Lenin did not care. He laughed at them. They should be preserved in a museum, he said, that was all they were fit for.

The old Bolsheviks had a reply. Lenin had abandoned scientific Marxism; he had gone over to Trotskyism, the theory of "the permanent revolution." There was some truth in the charge. But Trotsky had not yet arrived to preach his cause in person.

Like Lenin, Trotsky had almost lost faith that the revolution would happen in his lifetime. In January, 1917, he had sailed to New York. As he passed Gibraltar, he said: "This is the last time I shall look at that rotten Europe." In America, he lived from hand-to-mouth, once making his money as a film extra. He took the part of a stationmaster and acted very badly—he had no fire, no romance, no conviction.

Trotsky was very different when it came to real life. When the Russian revolution happened, he too was desperate to return; and he thought that it would be easy. On March 14 he left New York, safe, he supposed, with a British transit visa. But at Halifax, Nova Scotia, the British naval police took him off the ship and interned him in a camp, where he preached revolution to German prisoners of war.

There were protests in Russia against his internment; and Miliukov, the foreign minister, though a liberal had to ask the British government to release him. On April 16 Trotsky left Halifax to the strains of the *Internationale*, played by the German prisoners' band. No wonder he believed that world revolution was round the corner!

On May 4 he at last arrived in Petrograd. There was a formal reception for him also, but only by second-rate figures. For Trotsky had no party, no followers, only a name—the half-forgotten memories of 1905. Lonely and depressed, Trotsky drifted to the Tauride Palace, now the meeting place of the Petrograd Soviet.

He asked to be made a Soviet member. No one had elected him. But he was after all the last chairman of the old Soviet of 1905. It was agreed that he should be allowed to speak, though not to vote. This was enough for Trotsky. Votes never meant much to him; but he was the greatest of living orators.

The Soviet was discussing, as it had done so often before, the inexhaustible question whether to have "confidence" in the provisional government. There were cries of "Trotsky! We want Comrade Trotsky!" It was his big chance.

For once, he was nervous. He was after all completely alone. To make matters worse, his false cuff (for he was something of a dandy) kept shooting out of his sleeve and threatening to fly into the hall.

He began his speech by praising the revolution, but only for what it had begun.

"It has opened a new epoch, an epoch of blood and iron, a struggle no longer of nation against nation, but of the suffering and oppressed classes against their rulers." He was against supporting the provisional government.

"We must remember three rules: distrust the bourgeoisie; control our own leaders; rely on our own revolutionary strength. The next move will be to transfer the whole power into the hands of the Soviets." He ended: "Long live the Russian revolution, the prologue to world revolution!"

There was some applause, a few cheers—then the Soviet voted its confidence in the provisional government by an overwhelming majority.

Trotsky was completely isolated in the Petrograd Soviet, just as Lenin was completely isolated in the Bolshevik party. Two revolutionaries all alone against everyone else. In May, 1917, foreign observers thought that Russia was settling down. Soon it would be a parliamentary democracy; soon it would be fighting better against the Germans; the revolution was finished. Who cared about these two crazy men back from exile, Lenin and Trotsky, men who got no support from the Soviet or even from the most revolutionary party?

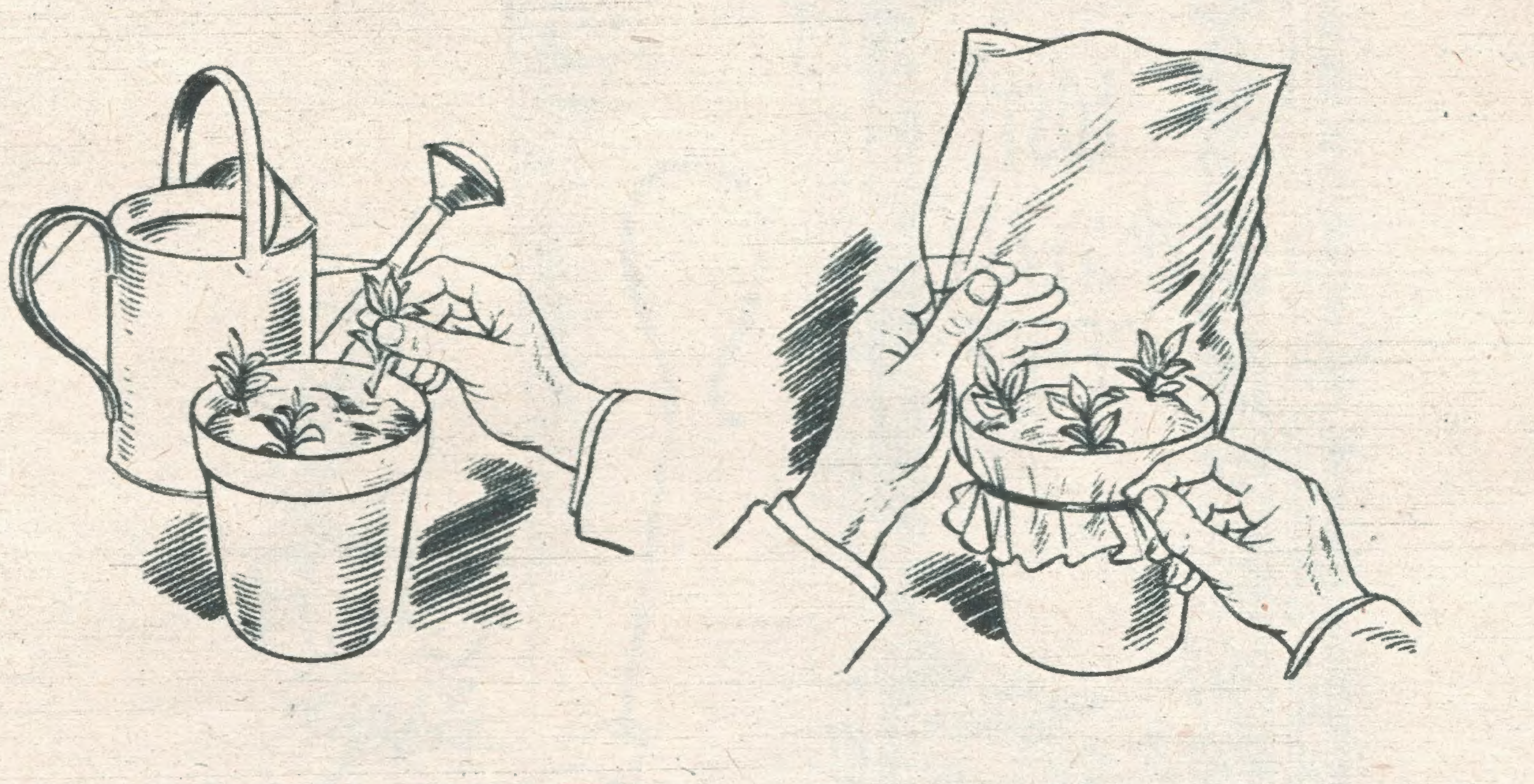
Lenin gave the answer, when he said: "The people of Russia are one hundred per cent more revolutionary than we are." An exciting, a provocative thing to say. But how were Lenin and Trotsky to make a partnership with each other, let alone with the Russian people?

The answer to this question was going to surprise the world.

NEXT WEEK: Stalin helps Lenin to go underground—without his beard

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER



THREEPENNY SUN-TRAP

My method of raising cuttings out of doors without a greenhouse or cold frame is to use one of those transparent plastic bags which are intended for wrapping food, and cost about threepence each.

Stand four or five cuttings of a geranium, fuchsia, begonia or similar plant round the rim of a pot 3½ in. in diameter. Water the soil thoroughly, and place the opened bag over the cuttings, fastening the mouth of the bag round the pot with an elastic band or a piece of wire.

The cuttings will get the sun, and the humid atmosphere inside the bag will prevent them from drooping with thirst.

In about three weeks, leaves will sprout from the centres of the stems—the sign that the cuttings are ready for potting off singly.

Readers are invited to send their own original, practical and topical gardening hints to Percy Thrower. Every week from April 28, JOHN BULL *will publish a hint which he has chosen, together with his expert comments. Five guineas will be paid to the reader who has sent it. Address your hint to Percy Thrower, Your Garden and Mine,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.*

This is *my* life

Continued from page 23

fly over on the Tuesday. Living in the flat on my own I had purposely bought in little food in view of what would be almost a fortnight's absence. On *What's My Line?* one of the challengers was a salmon smoker and after the show he presented me with a huge package of delicious looking salmon. I went home and dined royally, alone.

I was nervous about the ceremony—it was at nine o'clock, with nuptial mass—but all went well until we left the church. Accidentally or on purpose, the borrowed toppers worn by the men, who included my manager, Teddy Sommerfield, Brian George, and my best man, Jimmy Shiel, manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal, had been switched while we were signing the marriage register. As we came out to face the photographers, Jimmy gave the instruction that all hats should be worn and not carried for the pictures. Rarely can a wedding group have been photographed wearing such ill-fitting headgear.

Outside, it seemed that half Dublin had turned out to wish us well, and we had some difficulty in getting away in the bridal car to Grainne's father's place, The Four Provinces, for the reception. As we approached it our driver, Leo, warned that we were early and suggested driving round the side streets for a few minutes. We sat in the back of the car, which was attracting plenty of attention with its white streamers, and I was dying for a smoke. "Have you got a fag, Leo?" I asked.

"I don't smoke," he said, "but hold on." He pulled up outside a pub in Leeson Street, and when he returned he not only had a packet of ten but two whiskies as well. "Drink that, the pair of you," he said. "You must be frozen." Grainne wasn't for having whisky, so I drank both, wondering what all those people staring in at the windows would be thinking about a bridegroom who takes his wife's drink as well.

After the reception, where we had 250 guests, we drove to Parknasilla, which is Gaelic for "the place of the fairies," an almost sub-tropical haven deep in County Kerry on the southernmost tip of Ireland. But at this time of year even Parknasilla was cold and blustery and we were the luxury hotel's only guests.

Every day we drove into the mountains which give the district an appearance of natural impregnability and its popular title, The Kingdom of Kerry. Coming down the steep road one afternoon in a rainstorm we were hailed by a hiking couple, and stopped to give them a lift. As the man opened the car door he said: "I saw you on TV last Monday, didn't I?" If I needed any further evidence of the staggering impact of television, this was it. Grainne was rather bewildered by the whole thing.

However, once we were settled in London, she soon got the hang of this new-fangled medium, and sometimes after *What's My Line?* she would criticize me for intervening too much. It was also rather disturbing to find that more often than not she sided with Gilbert. At this time I was almost working the clock round. As well as my other commitments, I took on a night spot engagement at the Empress Club for producer Richard Afton, doing my *Double Or Drop* quiz for a sophisticated audience which didn't laugh very easily. We decided to have an accumulator prize, starting with one bottle of champagne and building up to a crate of bottles; but Harry Green, the American comedian, won it the first night by answering one of my questions about that evening's news.

I felt more than slightly uncomfortable as a night club entertainer, and after three or four weeks of this work, which began at midnight after a normal day's engagements, I was ready for a holiday. I hesitated to take one, though; for the days when I found it hard to get a single job were not all that far back.

Towards the end of 1952 I was told that *Welcome Stranger* was to be revived under the title *Welcome To Britain*. We were not confined to

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MAHOOD

London this time, and for the first programme I had to interview Coronation Year visitors to Britain aboard the Queen Elizabeth. This meant travelling out to Cherbourg in the Queen Mary to meet them, but when we got there the weather was too rough to get us off: we waited for the calm. I hoped that the weather wouldn't break at all, and I imagined headlines such as "B.B.C. Team Carried To States," and the interviews I might get over the other side with all this B.B.C. recording equipment. Unfortunately, the sea calmed enough after several hours' wait for us to be taken off on a tender that bucked wildly.

For another *Welcome To Britain* programme it was decided to cover the Edinburgh Festival and to follow up with the Braemar Games. In between I had arranged to go over to Dublin for a wedding; I realized that on the return trip I would be cutting it fine and that it meant catching the Aberdeen plane from Edinburgh with only minutes to spare. Shortly before leaving Edinburgh for Dublin, I found myself chatting casually in the airport bar to a neatly dressed stranger who seemed concerned about my problem. When I left to board the aircraft he said: "Don't worry. This is an R.A.F. base as well, you know."

I couldn't see the point then, but on landing after the return trip from Dublin I saw the same man, this time in the uniform of a senior R.A.F. officer, beckoning me. He stood on the tarmac and called urgently: "Come on, quick!" He hustled me into a waiting plane, the steps were pulled up and we were off. I have never met him since, but this man, by remembering a chance conversation with a stranger, enabled me to get to Braemar in time: he had held the Aberdeen plane until I arrived—and I had been ten minutes late from Dublin.

For such unexpected kindnesses, and the insight it gave me into Britain and its people, *Welcome To Britain* was terrific. We covered the whole country, and on the Isle of Skye I met an old school chum, Seamus Ennis, a folklorist who plays the pipes and can never resist a song. Our base for this programme was a fine hotel in Kyle of Lochalsh, and I was looking forward to staying in it that night. But Seamus was in a typically sociable mood and the evening flickered away with his songs and the tales of an islander who had joined our party.

When I asked about the last boat to the mainland, Seamus said disarmingly: "That's all right. I'll fix it. I'll tell 'em we're a bit late, that's all." Seamus's fixing was a bit Irish, for when the time came to leave there was no boat and I spent the night in an island attic.

In my travels during that summer of 1953 I experienced probably more than most people the atmosphere of the Coronation—and it was in Coronation week that I was faced with my most heart-searching moment since my arrival in Britain.

Shortly before we went on the air with *What's My Line?* Leslie Jackson, the producer, told us that at the close we would drink a Royal toast. I shared the most loyal Briton's respect and admiration for the young Queen facing her tremendous ordeal, but I was worried about what I should say in proposing this toast. When the champagne came round, I held up my glass and said: "Now we will drink a Royal toast. Here's to your Queen."

Even as I uttered the words I knew that I would be in trouble; but as a citizen of the Republic of Ireland I could not in all honesty include myself as one of the Queen's subjects, nor would it have been right to do so. It would have been blatant hypocrisy.

Nobody at the studios mentioned the matter, though I sensed some feeling, and it was only in the days that followed that the indignation of some people expressed itself in letters.

This moment of inner conflict worried me for a long time, but in the November of that year something happened which implied, to me at any rate, that the Queen herself understood. I was invited to appear in the Royal Variety Performance at the Coliseum. As a member of the world of entertainment, I addressed an epilogue written by Alan Melville directly to the Queen in her stageside box as a huge tableau representing the Commonwealth appeared on the stage. For reasons other than professional ones, it was among the most thrilling experiences of my life.

Around this time, Grainne and I crossed to Ireland for the opening of my father-in-law's theatre in Limerick, the rebuilt City Theatre. It was intended as a quick trip prior to what was to be our first real holiday—in Italy. After the opening, when we had returned to Dublin, Grainne complained of a pain in her side. We thought it was rheumatism, but the pain persisted and back in London Grainne went to see the doctor. I could not go with her, as I had to be in Southampton that day for the winding-up programme of *Welcome to Britain*: interviews with prisoners of war back from Korea. I telephoned her from Southampton, and found she was upset because the doctor had ordered her to go into hospital immediately.

We checked with two specialists, and they agreed with the diagnosis: the hip was infected, and the treatment was likely to be long. We cancelled the Italian holiday, and Grainne entered the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital at Stanmore. I went up there most evenings, and driving back past the Christmas-lighted front rooms of the northern suburbs emphasized my sense of loneliness.

As the weeks went by, I got into the habit of dining in a restaurant after my visit to the hospital; but one day a friend of mine named Bunny France suggested that I should have dinner at his home in Holborn. This coincided with the first time I took our pet poodle, Quiz, to the hospital.

Some months earlier, Grainne and I had been walking along Baker Street when she saw a small black poodle pup in a pet shop window. As her birthday was approaching, I suggested that we might buy it. We went inside and the shopkeeper asked fifteen guineas for it, whereupon we walked out again. By the time we reached the street, the dealer had put the dog back in the window. Grainne stopped for another look, and we were sunk. I bought the pup.

Every time I visited the hospital, Grainne would inquire, "How's the little fellow?" and one night she asked me to bring Quiz next time I called. The ward sister agreed, and it was on the night I was due at Bunny France's that I took him.

Seeing the pup seemed to cheer Grainne, and I felt glad that I had taken him. Anne France, who had appeared on *What's My Line?* when she was an air hostess, gave him some supper, and when we left it was after eleven o'clock and pouring with rain. The windscreen was a blur, and presently I got lost in that dark district behind Euston Station. Pavement-hugging, I spotted a policeman sheltering in a shop doorway and stopped to ask him the way to West Hampstead.

It was getting on for midnight when I reached the flat, and called Quiz to jump out. There was no sign of the dog, and I telephoned Bunny, thinking that I had left him there. Then it dawned on me that Quiz must have leaped out when I opened the door to speak to the policeman. I drove back to the Euston area and after cruising around for some minutes I found the same policeman. "I thought you'd be back," he said. "Your dog jumped out when you stopped."

LOVE—5

> Love is based upon a view of women that is impossible to any man who has had any experience of them.
>
> H. L. Mencken

"He's at the police station, is he?" I asked.

"Sorry," said the policeman. "He was too quick for me. He ran off."

I began patrolling the murky streets, and there were plenty of dogs to see, but no Quiz. Presently, I noticed some headlights in my driving mirror; they got closer, then a police car overtook me and waved me down. An officer came up to my driving window. "Now then," he said, "we've been watching you coasting round these parts for twenty minutes. What's the game?"

Here was a man without a television set who thought I was an unsavoury character planning some night work. But he took my word when I explained; advised me to report the loss to the nearest police station, and promised that he and his co-driver would keep a look-out themselves. I resumed the search, but at three o'clock in the morning my petrol gauge was showing "empty" and I called it off. In a few hours I would begin my busiest spell of the week—three Saturday sports programmes.

I drove up to Stanmore in the afternoon and, sure enough, Grainne's first question was, "How's the little fellow?"

"He's fine," I lied.

Later, the police telephoned me to say that they had Quiz's collar. A man had found him lying in the gutter, had stooped to check his name and address and, being unable to make out the words in the poor light, had removed the collar for a closer look. At this moment, Quiz bolted.

After the last sports programme that evening, I toured the Euston district again. Still there was no trace, and the police station had no further news. It was getting on towards midnight when, passing the cab rank near King's Cross Station, I had an idea. I put my head round the door of the smoke-filled taximen's hut, and told the drivers about my missing dog. "If you'll go out and look for him," I said, "I'll pay whatever is on your clocks, plus tips—and a fiver to the man who finds him." The hunt was intensified.

It was almost three o'clock on Sunday morning when I returned to the flat. I was worrying about the way I would have to break the news to Grainne, for I now despaired of ever seeing Quiz again. When the opportunity came during my afternoon visit, I shirked it and once more told her that Quiz was fine.

That night, Teddy Sommerfield came out to join me with his car. We met periodically to exchange news, but we were out of luck until we again called at the police station, to learn that a man in Gray's Inn Road had reported finding a black poodle. A hefty character answered our knock, and explained that a couple in the flat above might know something about it; but they were out at the pub and would not be back until closing time. We waited in the two cars.

When the couple showed up, the man admitted finding a poodle but asked how I could prove it was mine. "If he sees me," I said, hopefully, "you'll know." At first he wasn't keen, but presently, when I suggested we should talk it over at the police station, he relented and let Quiz out. He bounded up at me, but the man was still not convinced and we finished up at the police station while the duty sergeant grew increasingly flummoxed in a Robb Wilton way over our squabble. Finally, the finder agreed to hand over the dog. I gave him £5 and, as I was leaving, his wife came up to me looking rather bewildered and asked: "What do you call him?"

"Quiz," I said.

"Blimey!" she said. "We've been calling him Charlie."

I thought it better not to mention the episode to Grainne until she was much better. The weeks dragged into months, and she was still in hospital, and I immersed myself defensively in more work. When I was first given the news that Grainne would shortly be well enough to come out, I decided to find a better place for us to live. It would have to be an unfurnished town flat, which was hard to find; it would also have to be on the ground floor. For I knew that when the day came for me to bring Grainne home, for some time she would be able to walk only on crutches.

NEXT WEEK: I am besieged by angry fight fans in Belfast

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Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Looks Like A....................
Easy On The....................
When Mr. Dillydally ....
For The Love Of...............
Shows Who's....................
......................To The Limit

EXAMPLE
.... |6d.
BULLET

EX.
.... |6d.
B.

EX.
.... |6d.
B

EX.
.... |6d.
B.

EX.
.... |6d.
B.

10-in-1 BONUS Grand 10-in-1 Bonus of luxuries for the kitchen to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,035

Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 23
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.
Value ....
No. ....
Signed..
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....

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Stick 2½d. stamp on this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) for the new 4-in-1 "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, dated April 28, containing coupons for *Bullets* 2,037, 2,038, 2,039 and 2,040.

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 prizes of 10s. and 1,000 "Good Shot" awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

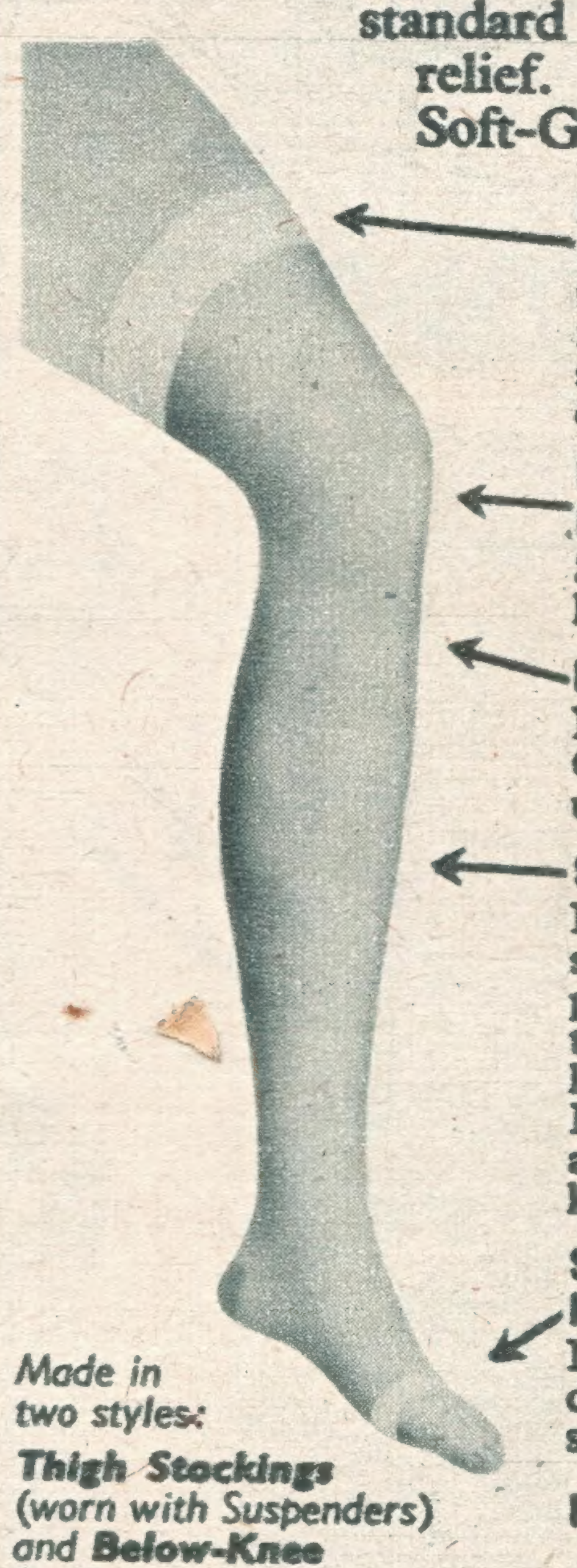
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 19), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 5, for early news of No. 2,035 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,035, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).



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De Witt's PILLS

Made specially to relieve RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO and SCIATICA

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When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

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Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Brewers' yeast is the richest natural source of the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure Brewers' yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/9, 4/- and 6/6.

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Without Iron you lose, health, strength, energy

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Iron-Ox does not injure even children's teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Amazing results are often produced in only two weeks' time. Ask your chemist now for Iron-Ox Super-Tonic Tablets. Only 1/8½ a packet. Less than a penny farthing a day. (Advt.)

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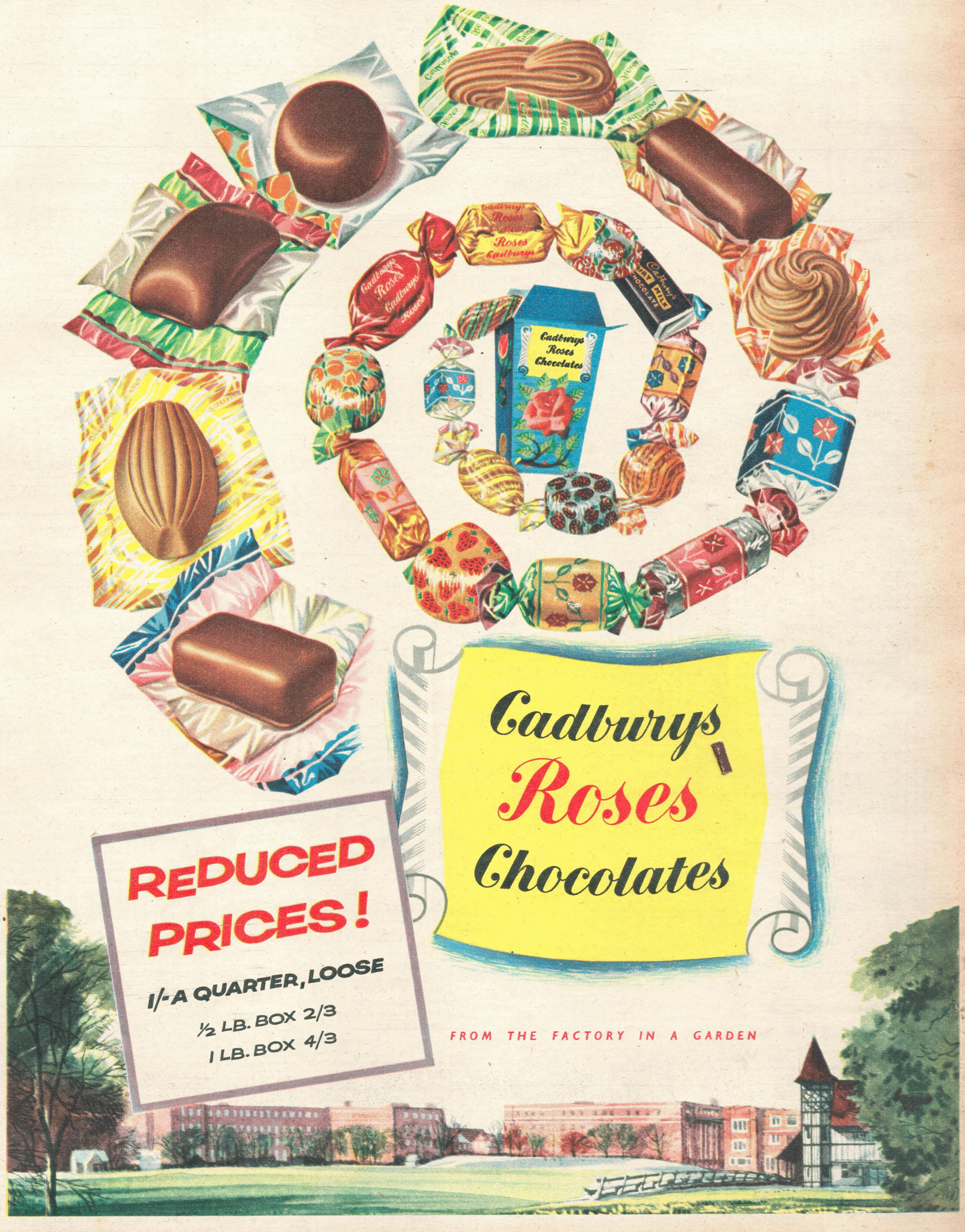
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